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[Pages/photos 1-144]

SPANISH TRANSLATION

(WORDPERFECT FORMAT)

Volume 9

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Capitalized text in English (bold) and Spanish (non-bold) was written in numeric code in the original document. The coded text was decoded as a block and therefore the page breaks in the translation may not coincide with the page breaks in the original. Also, in the original coded document, words are often run-on and misspelled. In the interest of readability, these two characteristics of the original are not reflected in this document. Some words in the original coded text are spelled phonetically; such as, "enuf," and "thru." These phonetic spellings have been left as is.]

APRIL 6

Series V,
#1

June 22, 1980. Here I am driving through Canada, hoping I can dig up a place to buy a plot of land to live on that will suit me. Reasons why I want to leave Montana in spite of my love for that country have been described elsewhere. A trip like this is excruciatingly miserable for me, and I am forcing myself to take this trip only because I look upon it as my last chance to get away from civilization to the extent that I want to. The most miserable aspect of the trip is trying to find a place to stay each night. It would be OK if I had a lot of money and could stay in a motel whenever convenient. But I can afford to do that only infrequently, as a last resort. So I have to find a place to camp each night -- if at all

APRIL 7

possible, not in a regular camp-
ground, because of the expense, because
I hate those places, and because
I dislike being conspicuous from the
fact that I have neither tent nor
camper. So I [s/o]* drive around these
little dirt roads trying to find a
place to pull my car off where
I will be secluded enough so
that I won't be questioned by the
police (as has happened to me
sometimes in the past). Some-
times it is difficult or imposs-
ible. Another thing that makes the trip
miserable is the fact that the car b6
[redacted] car, which I an using) has b7C
been having trouble, and I've been
having to get it fixed more than
once. It wouldn't be so bad
if I knew there [sic] area where I can

* [s/o] indicates illegible crossed-out word(s) in the original text.]

Notebook X
APRIL 8

find what I want. The main problem is to avoid JET PLANES. I've not had success trying to get information about what areas are free of THEM.

Thus I have to drive around blind, so to speak, and investigate different places personally. I've had to be cautious about making inquiries concerning what areas are free of COMMERCIAL AIR ROUTES because I have COMMITTED CRIMES DIRECTED AGAINST PLANES, SO I DON'T WANT TO CALL ATTENTION TO MYSELF

APRIL 9

AS ONE WHO HATES PLANES
AND WANTS TO AVOID THEM!

June 29, 1980. My brother has a weak, flaccid personality, and I have no respect for him. His ideology of "Art" is based on self-deception; and is quite imitative, in spite of the fact that (like most who latch onto that ideology) he claims to abhor imitation. On the other hand, I have a real affection for him. Thus, my feelings toward him tend to waver between affection and contempt.
July 30, 1980: From "Mythology of All Races, Ed. Louis Herbert Gray, Cooper Square Publishers, Inc. New York, 1964:

APRIL 10

Vol III p. 261: "The principal business of the [Russian] sylvan spirits is to guard the forest. They do not allow people to whistle or shout there..."
Vol. IV p. 177: "A forest spirit resembling the Russian Lěšiy is the Eastern Lapps' Miehts-hozjin ("the Master of the forest")... When anyone shouts, sings or makes a noise in the forest, he becomes offended, and bewilders the culprit so that he cannot find his way out of the forest. The "Master of the forest" loves silence above all.

Aug. 6. In order to show how much more individual difference supposedly exists in our society than in that

APRIL 11

of a certain New Guinea tribe, Margaret Mead writes (In Growing up in New Guinea): "Among two men of the same general personality traits [in modern society]...(emphasis mine) one may believe in the Trinity and the Doctrine of Original Sin, the other be a convinced agnostic [1]; one may believe in free trade, state's rights, local option; the other in tariffs, big navies, national legislation on social questions; one may be interested in collecting prints of early New York, the other in collecting butterflies; one may have his house done in Queen Anne furniture, the other have a house with furniture assembled from half a dozen sources; one an ~~eai~~ ear trained to

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1 But by definition an agnostic is a person who is NOT convinced one way or the other. – [redacted]

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APRIL 12

distinguish the most elaborate fugues, the other a knowledge of Picasso which enables him to date every Picasso painting; one a preference for Cabell, the other for Proust."

But all these differences are, in my view, insignificant. All the differences listed are only differences in <u>choice of entertainment</u> — they are of no more significance than the choice a New Guinea child makes when he decides whether to play this game or the other game. Under normal [s/o] circumstances, none of the choices listed has any practical consequences.[2] The only reason

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2 Exceptions. (1) The person who believes he may go to Hell for having the wrong religious beliefs will of course consider religious beliefs to have practical consequences, but those who are not

[this footnote continues at bottom of page 4, "APRIL 13"]

APRIL 13

people collect butterflies or listen to music or read literature is to enjoy the emotional stimuli that these activities provide, or to keep themselves from getting bored, or to get status from the snob-appeal of these a activities. Except for the last, these are the same motives as those which induce children to play games. But because they have been

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superstitious will agree that religion is only a kind of game people play to gratify their emotional needs. Of course, a man's religious views may indirectly have practical consequences; e.g., they may make a difference in ~~his childrens'~~ the personalities his children develop. But (usually) this is not the man's motive for holding his religious beliefs; the difference in his children's personalities is a chance consequence. A choice of sport may also have important chance consequences: a

[footnote continues at bottom of page 5, "APRIL 14"]

APRIL 14

trained to do so, people put such activities up on a pedestal and worship them. The adulation that our culture gives to Art, Science, and Philosophy was developed largely by the economically secure classes. For these people, getting the necessities of life was not enough to keep them occupied, so many of them acquired an exaggerated

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kid might be crippled for life in a football accident. Yet we do not on that account say that being a football player or a-bas instead of a baseball player represents an important difference between 2 people. Of course a Trinity-believer would probably have a different personality from an agnostic, but in that case it is the personality difference that is important, not the difference in religious opinion. Moreover, Mead states she is dealing with 2 men of similar personality.

[footnote continues at bottom of page 5, "APRIL 15"]

APRIL 15

interest in Art and Philosophy and all that crap, [s/o] and they developed the ideology that makes Art and Philosophy terribly Important (and vastly superior to "mere" practical affairs) because this enabled them to feel that their activities were purposeful and significant. Thus, Art and Philosophy are regarded as Important primarily because it gratifies

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She also says same range of personality differences occurs in New Guinea as in U.S. (2) Differences of political opinion in millions of people do have practical consequences, but (usually) the political opinion of one individual is of no consequence whatever. // Still, the idea that political and religious opinions are "games" is either incorrect, or needs qualification, in the case of some ~~indif~~ individuals. But we can state with only minor qualifications that the differences cited above in [one line of unintelligible text here]

[footnote continues at bottom of page 6, "ARPIL 16"]

APRIL 16

certain persons' emotional needs to regard them as important. This does deserve some qualifications. For instance, it may be that reading (say) Proust does to a limited extent help ~~up~~ us [s/o] to gain insight into human nature. But this isn't the real motive of those who read literature. If they were primarily interested in

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collecting, house-furnishing, art, and literature deal only with games and entertainment--in a rather broad sense, of course. [end of footnote 2]

APRIL 17

understanding human nature, they would mostly spend their free time reading books on psychology and would read ~~literature~~ fiction only as a rather minor adjunct to their study. Also, the whole body of literature of a nation may play an important role in the development of that nation, but an individual who reads or writes in his spare time does not thereby influence his nation; his motive is as stated above.

Of course, we may learn something about a man by knowing whether he reads Proust or Donald Duck Comics. A man who reads Proust is presumably more intelligent and thoughtful than one who reads Donald Duck, because he has chosen a far more complex and subtle form of entertainment.[3] But still

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3 So I assume. Haven't read Proust myself.

APRIL 18

it is only entertainment.

Thus, Maggie Mead's remarks show only that our society provides a far greater variety and complexity of games and entertainments than a New Guinea village. I suggest that this very great development of games and entertainments (masquerading as serious purpose) in our society indicates that the majority of people in our society do not find an adequate sense of purpose in their work, and/or they have bad feelings inside them which force them to keep constantly occupied and entertained so as to escape from their own thoughts.

Anyhow, the main point I wanted to make is that the points of diversity listed by Maggie Mead are ones that I would consider trivial and superficial. ~~("Trivial~~ ("Trivial" and "superficial" here

Date of transcription 5/7/96

The following is a decoded transcription of notebooks K2046C (A1) and K778F (B1).

"MAY ABOUT 1982 I SENT A BOMB TO A COMPUTER EXPERT NAMED PATRICK FISVER. HIS SECRETARY OPENED IT. ONE NEWSPAPER SAID SHE WAS IN HOSPITAL? IN GOOD CONDITION? WITH ARM AND CHEST CUTS. OTHER NEWSPAPER SAID BOMB DROVE FRAGMENTS OFWOOD INTO HER FLESH. BUT NO INDICATION THAT SHE WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED. FRUSTRATING THAT I CANT SEEM TO MAK O LETHAL BOMB.USED SHOTGUN) POWDER IN THIS LAST HOPING IT WOULD DO BETTER THAN RIFLE POWDER.NEXT I MUST TRY ANOTHER GASOLINE BOMB,DIFFERENT DESIGN.THOUGH GASOLINE BOMB I TRIED. LAST FALL DID NOT GO OFF. REVENGE ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN GOBBLING MUCH TIME,IMPEDING OTHER WORK.BUT I MUST SUCCEED,MUST GET REVENGE. NOT LONG AFTER FOREGOING, I THINK IN JUNE OR JULY, I WENT TO U. OF CALIFORNIA BERKELEY AND PLACED IN COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING A BOMB CONSISTING OF A PIPEBOMB IN GALLON CAN OF GASOLINE. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER, VICE CHAIRMAN OF COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. PICKED IT UP. HE WAS CONSIDERED TO BE "OUT OF DANGER OF LOSING ANY FINGERS", BUT WOULD NEED FURTHER SURGERY FOR BONE AND TENDON DAMAGE IN HAND. APPARENTLY PIPE BOMB WENT OFF BUT DID NOT IGNITE GASOLINE. I DONT UNDERSTAND IT. FRUSTRATED. TRAVELING EXPENSES FOR RAIDS SUCH AS THE FOREGOING ARE VERY HARD ON MY SLENDER FINANCIAL RESOURCES. LTOST SUMMER DYNAMITE BLAST WAS BOOMING ALL OVER THE HILLS. OCCASIONALLY AUDIBLE AT MY CABIN, MUCH MORE AUDIBLE A COUPLE OF MILES EAST OF HERE. EXXON CONDUCTING SEISMIC EXPLORATION FOR OIL. COUPLE OF HELICOPTERS FLYING ALL OVER THE HILLS, LOWER A THING WITH DYNAMITE ON CABLE, MAKE BLAST ON GROUND, INSTRUMENTS MEASURE VIBRATIONS. EARLY AUGUST I WENT AND CAMPED OUT, MOSTLY IN WHAT I CALL DIAGONAL GULCH, HOPING TO SHOOT UP A HELICOPTER IN AREA EAST OF CRATER MTN. PROVED HARDER THAN I THOUGHT, BECAUSE HELICOPTERS ALWAYS IN MOTION, NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY WILL GO NEXT,

TALL TREES IN WAY OF SHOT. ONLY ONCE HAD BE HALF A CHANCE. 2 QUICK SHOTS, ROUGHLY AIMED, AS COPTER CROSSED SPACE BETWEEN 2 TREES. MISSED BOTH. WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP I C2IED, PARTLY FROM FRUSTRATION AT MISSING, BUT MOSTLY GRIEF ABOUT AT WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE COUNTRY. IT IS SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT IF THEY FIND OIL,DISASTER. EVEN WHOF NOT FIND OIL, THE BLASTS AND

HELICOPTERS RUIN IT. DESECRATION. WHERE CAN I GO NOW FOR PEACE AND QUIET? TRUE, IF NOT FIND OIL, EXXON WILL EVENTUALLY LEAVE HERE. BUT IF IT ISNT ONE THING ITS ANOTHER. SUCH AS ONE OF MY FAVORITE PLACES BEING LOGGED OFF, SPEAING OF WHICH, SUMMER OF 1981 I BEGAN HEARING DISAGREABLE NOISES OF MACHINERY, SOMETIMES SURPRISINGLY LOUD, DEPENDING APPARENTLY ON METEOROLOICAL CONDITIONS. OFTEN BUT OTHERWISE BEAUTIFUL, SILENT MORNING WAS RUINED FOR ME WHEN THESE NOISES STARTED UP. THE FOLLOWING WINTER MANY OTHERWISE PLEASANT EXCURSIONS WERE RUINED FOR ME BY THE MOANING AND HOWLING OF THOSE IRON MONSTERS, AUDIBLE BUT OFTEN LOUDLY) FOR MILES OVER THE HILLS. MADE UP MY MIND TO GET REVENGE, BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE JUST WHERE NOISE WAS COMING FROM. HAD TO WAIT FOR SUMMER AWYWAY, SINCE MY TRACKS COULD EASILY BE FOLLOWED IN SNOW. BUT NOISE SEEMED TO STOP IN SPRING. THEN I BEGAN HEARING IT AGAIN IN LATE SUMMER, 1982. I THINK IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER THAT I TOOK BLANKET, PISTOL, 1 DAYS RATIONS AND FOLLOWED NOISE TO FIND IT CAME FROM A LOGGING OPERATION IN WILLOW CREEK DRAINAGE, LOGGING OFF ONE OF MY FAVORITE WILD SPOTS. THEIR METHOD WAS HORRIBLE. AS FAR AS I COULD TELL WITHOUT GOING CLOSE ENOUGH TO RISK BEING SEEN, THEY WERE JUST PUSHING TREES OVER WITH BULLDOZERS INSTEAD OF CUTTING WITH SAWS. WHEN THEY LEFT FOR THE DAY I WENT IN AND FOUND THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE GROUND STRIPPED RIGHT OFF LEAVING UGLY TANGLE OF LIMBS, UPROOTED TRUNKS, AND DIRT. THEY LEFT A 5 GALLON CAN OF OIL SITTING ON THEIR MACHINE THAT THEY USE TO PICKUP LOGS AND LOAD THEM ON TRUCK. I POURED THE OIL OVER THE MACHINES ENGINE AND SET FIRE TO IT. I BET IT COST OVER 1000 BUCKS TO FIX IT. SPENT PLEASANT NIGHT SLEEPING OUT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND CAME HOME LEISURELY IN THE MORNING. I FELT SO GOOD AFTER HAVING DONE THIS. THOUGH A MITE UNEASY OVER THE RISK OF BEING SUSPECTED. FORGOT TO MENTION, ON TRIP WHERE I SHOT AT HELICOPTER, I CHOPPED DOWN WOODEN POWER LINE POLE, HOGUM CREEK AREA. FEW YEARS AGO SOME FUCKERS BUILT A VACATION HOUSE JUST ACROSS STEMPLE PASS ROAD. MOTORCYCLE AND SNOWMOBILE FIENDS. THEY WOULD BUZZ UP AND DOWN ROAD PAST MY CABIN ON MOST WEEKENDS, SUMMER AND WINTER. LAST SUMMER SEEMED THEY WERE WORSE THAN USUAL. SOMETIMES MADE IT A 3 DAY WEEKEND. WHEN THEY WERE NOT BUZZING UP THIS ROAD I WOULD HEAR THOSE CYCLES GROWLING AND GROWLING OVER BY THEIR PLACE, ALL DAY LONG. IT WAS GETTING ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE. MY HEART IS GOING BAD. TAKES EXERCISE OK, BUT ANY EMOTIONAL STRESS, ANGER ABOVE ALL, MAKES IT BEAT IREGULARLY. IT GOT SO THAT THAT CONSTANT CYCLE NOISE WAS CHOKING ME WITH ANGER, HEART GOING WILD. RISKY TO COMMIT CRIME SO CLOSE TO HOME, BUT I FIGURED IF I DID NOT GET THOSE GUYS, THE ANGER WOULD LITERALLY KILL ME ANYWAY. SO ONE NIGHT IN FALL I SNEAKED OVER THERE, THOUGH THEY WERE HOME, AND STOLE THEIR CHAINSAW, BURIED IT IN A SWAMP. THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH, SO COUPLE WEEKS LATER WHEN THEY HAD LEFT THE PLACE, I CHOPPED MY WAY INTO THEIR HOUSE, SMASHED UP INTERIOR PRETTY THOROUGHLY. IT WAS A REAL LUXURY PLACE. THEY ALSO HAD A MOBILE HOME THERE. I BROKE INTO THAT TOO, FOUND SILVER PAINTED MOTORCYCLE INSIDE, SMASHED IT UP WITH THEIR OWN AX. THEY HAD 4 SNOWMOBILES SITTING OUTSIDE. I

THOROUGHLY SMASHED ENGINES OF THOSE WITH THE AX. THINK THEY WERE THE ONES I CUT CYCLE TRAIL AT ROCHESTER, SINCE SILVER PAINTED CYCLE IS UNUSUAL. WEEK OR SO LATER, COPS CAME UP HERE AND ASKED ME IF I HAD SEEN ANYONE FOOLING AROUND WITH ANY BUILDINGS AROUND HERE. ALSO ASKED IF I HAD HAD ANY PROBLEMS WITH MOTORCYCLES. THIS LAST QUESTION . SUGGESTS THAT THE TRUTH CROSSED THEIR MINDS. BUT PROBABLY THEY DID NOT SERIOUSLY SUSPECT ME, OTHERWISE THEIR QUESTIONING WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO PERFUNCTORY. THIS WINTER (1982 TO 1983) VERY FEW SNOWMOBILES HAVE COME BY. I SUPPOSE EITHER THOSE FUCKERS HAVE NOT GOT MACHINES FIXED YET, OR HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WILL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH TERRORIZING THE AREA. WHO SAYS CRIME DOESNT PAY? I FEEL VERY GOOD ABOUT THIS. I AM ALSO PLEASED THAT I WAS SO COOL AND COLLECTED IN ANSWERING COPS QUESTIONS. DEC 29,1979. IN SOME OF MY NOTES I MENTIONED A PLAN FOR REVENGE ON SOCIETY. PLAN WAS TO BLOW UP AIRLINER IN FLIGHT. LATE SUMMER AND EARLY AUTUMN I CONSTRUCTED DEVICE. MUCH EXPENSE, BECAUSE HAD TO GO TO GR.FALLS TO BUY MATERIALS, INCLUDING BAROMETER AND MANY BOXES CARTRIDGES FOR THE POWDER. I PUT MORE THAN A QUART OF SMOKELESS POWDER IN A CAN, RIGGED BAROMETER SO DEVICE WOULD EXPLODE AT 2000FT. OR CONCEIVABLY AS HIGR AS 3500FT. DUE TO VARIATION OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE. LATE OCT. MAILED PACKAGE FROM CHICAGO PRIORITY MAIL SO IT WOULD GO BY AIR. UNFORTUNATELY PLANE NOT DESTROYED, BOMB TOO WEAK. NEWSPAPER SAID WAS "LOW POWER DEVICE". SURPRISED ME. (IN ORIGINAL AS I WROTE IT IN 1989, THERE FOLLOWED SPECULATIONS WHY BOMB WEAK. NOW KNOW WHY. SMOKELESS POWDER IS DEFLOGRATING NOT DETONATING EXPLOSIVE, AND CONTAINER TOO EAK EVEN TO FULLY UTILIZE ITS DEFLAGRATING POTENTIAL) SEEMS THAT IGGER SYSTEM NOT TOO RELIABLE. ACCORDING TO CHI. TRIBUNE, BOMB WENT OFF AS PLANE APPROACHED WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO SUN TIMES, PASSENGERS AIN BOMB WENT OFF ABOUT HALF WAY TO WASHINGTON. SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF LONG BEFORE. SET FOR 2000 OR UP TO 3500FT. ACCORDING TO INFO I GOT IN L00000000000000000000 25000 TO 40000FT. AND CABINS PRESSURIZED AT ABOUT 8000FT. POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS... DEFECTIVE BAROMETER. PRESSURIZATION INF FROM ABOUT 1971, CONCEIVABLY THEY NOW PRESSURIZE AT LOWER ALTITUDE. SYSTEM WORKED OK WHEN I EXPERIMENTED BEFORE MAKING UP PACKAGE BUT I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT LIGHT TOUCH OF BAROMETER NEEDLE ON CONTACT NOT ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE IN TRANSMITTING CURRENT. I WILL TRY AGAIN IF CAN GET BETTER EXPLOSIVE. BOMO DID NOT ACCOMPLISH MUCH. PROBABLY DESTROYED SOME MAIL. PAPERS SAID IT WAS WITH MAIL SACKS AND THERE WAS SMOLDERING FIRE. NO DAMAGE TO PLANE. AT LEAST IT GAVE THEM A GOOD SCARE. MUCH THICK SMOKE CAME INTO PASSENGER SPACE, PLANE LANDED AT AIRPORT OTHER THAN ITS DESTINATION BECAUSE OF THIS. TRIBUNE SAID NO PANIC. BUT SUN TIMES SAID THEY DROPPED OXYGEN INHALATORS TO PASSENGERS BECAUSE OF SMOKE AND PASSENGERS DID NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THEM AND SOMEWERE "JUMPING UP AND DOWN AND SCREAMING FOR THE POOR STEWARDESS, "AND AS PASSENGERS IAME OUT OF PLANE SOOME WERE EMBRACING EACH OTHER, PRESUMABLY IN RELIEF. THE PAPERS SAID FBI INVESTIGATING . INCIDENT. FBI SUCK MY COCK. SO I CAME BACK TO MONTO EARLY DECEMBER, NOW WORK ON OTHER PLANS. JUNE 1,1985. SUCCESS AT LAST

AFTER MANY FAILURES REPORTED IN THESE NOTES. TOOK ME YEAR AND A HALF OF INTENSIVE EFFORT, LARGELY NEGLECTING OTHER WORK Y TO DEVELOP EFFECTIVE TYPE BOMB. 4.45 PARTS AMMONIUM NITRATE (FROMFERTILI) ER) TO 1 PART EXTREMELY FINE PYWDERED ALUMINUM(FROMALUM.PAINT) MIXURE NOT CAKED BUT LEFT IN POWDER FORM, IGNITED IN ORDINARY IRON WATER PIPE WITH METAL PLUGS IN ENDS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ROUGHLY SAME PRESSURE AS WHAT WALLS OF PIPE WILL WITHSTAND. SIMPLE ENOUGH BUT I FOLLOWED SOME FALE LEADS BEFORE TRYING THIS ONE. NOTE DIFFICULTIES I FACED. FOR OBVOUS REASONS CANT ORDER CHEMICALS FROM SUPPLY HOUSE, MUST MAKE THEM OR EXTRACT THEM FROM READILY AVAILABLE MATERIALS. NO VEHICLE TO TRANSPORT STUFF, DIFFICULT ACCESS TO LIBRARIES, VERY LIMITED EQUIPMENT, HAVE TO BUILD OWN BALANCE, OTHER MONEY RELATED PROBLEMS. MAY 8 I PLANTED A SMALL BOMB (LESS THAN 2 OZ.OF EXPLOSIVE) IN THE COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. AT BERKELEY. THIS IS DEVICE NO.2, EXP.83 IN MY NOTEBOOKS. AT SAME TIME I MAILED A LARGER BOMB (DEVICE NO.1 EXP.82) TO BOEING CORP., AUBURN, WA. OUTCOME OF BOEING BOMB UNKNOWN. BERKELEY BOMB DID WELL FOR ITS SIZE. IT WAS SPRUNG BY AIRFORCE PILOT, 26YRSOLD, NAME [redacted] WORKING ON MASTERS DEG. IN ELECTRICAL ENG. HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED IF SO POSITIONED RELATIVE TO BOMB AS TO TAKE THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS BODY. AS IT WERE, MAINLY HIS RIGHT ARM WAS HIT. WITNESSES SAID,"WHOLE ARM WAS EXPLODED, "BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE. "ONE NEWSPAPER SAID ARM WAS "MANGLED". ANOTHER SAID IT WAS "SHATTERED" AND THAT HE WOULD NEVER RECOVER FULL USE OF ARM AND HAHD. ALSO THERE WAS DAMAGE TO ONE EYE. ONE PAP THAT SAID THE SMALL COMPUTER LAB WAS "DESTROYED". THIS IS IMPROBABLE. OTHER PAPER SAID "MODERATE DAMAGE" TO VARIOUS ITEMS OF COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. PROBABLY MOST OF THE DAMAGE TO ARM AND EQUIPT. WAS DUE TO FRAGMENTS, NOT SHOCKWAVE. I WAS RELIEVED TO READ WHAT KIND OF GUY SPRANG THE TRAP. I HAD WORRIED ABOUT POSSIBILITY THAT SOME YOUNG KID, UNDERGRAD, NOT EVEN COMP SCI MAJOR MIGHT GET IT. BUT THIS GUY CLEARLY TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE TECHNICIAN CLASS. MIGHT EVEN BE ONE OF THE GUYS THAT HAS FLOWN THOSE FUCKING JETS OVER MY HOME. THIS GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO MY CHOKING, FRUSTRATED ANGER AND SENSE OF IMPOTENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM. AT SAME TIME, MUST ADMIT I FEEL BADLY ABOUT HAVING CRIPPLED THIS MANS ARM. IT HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME ME A GOOD DEAL. THIS IS EMBARRASSING BECAUSE WHILE MY FEELINGS ARE PKRTLY FROM PITY, I AM SURE THEY COME LARGELY FROM THE TRAINING, PROPAGANDA, BRAINWASHING WE ALL GET, CONDITIONING US TO BE SCARED BY THE IDEA OF DOING CERTAIN THINGS. IT IS SHAMEFUL TO BE UNDER THE SWAY OF THIS BRAINWASHING. BUT DO NOT GET THE IDEA THAT I REGRET WHAT I DID. RELIEF OF FRUSTRATED ANGER OUTWEIGH SUN COMFORTABLE CONSCIENCE. I WOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

SO MANY FAILURES WITH FEEBLE INEFFECTIVE BOMBS WAS DRIVING ME DESPERATE WITH FRUSTRATION. HAVE TO GET REVENGE FOR ALL THE WILD COUNTRY BEING FUCKED UP BY THE SYSTEM. LATER... FURTHER SEARCH OF NEWSPAPERS YIELDED.. [redacted] ARM WAS "SEVERED OR NEARLY SEVERED". TIPS OF 3 FINGERS TORN OFF. USE OF ARM AND HAND WILL BE PERMANENTLY IMPAIRED, TO WHAT DEGREE NOT KNOWN. [redacted] FATHER OF 2 KIDS. HE WAS WORKING TOWARD PHD, CONTRARY TO OTHER PAPER THAT SAID MASTERS. HE WAS AFRAID HIS "DREAM" WAS RUINED. DREAM WAS TO BE ASTRONAUT. IMAGINE A GROWN MAN WHOSE DREAM IS TO BE AN

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ASTRONAUT.
I AM NO LONGER BOTHERED BY HAVING CRIPPLED THIS GUY, PARTLY BECAUSE I JUST "GO TO VERIT "WITH TIME, PARTLY BECAUSE HIS ASPIRATION FOR SO IGNOBLE. SEARCHED OTHER NEWSPAPERS. FOUND NO REFERENCE TO BOEING BOMB. SEEMS INEXPLICABLE IT WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH SU DOWN OF ARE THAT MALFUNCTION SEEMS HIGHLY. IMPROBABLE. LATER. RECENTLY I CAMPED IN A PARADISE LIKE GLACIAL CIRQUE. AT EVENING, BEAUTIFUL SINGING OF BIRDS WAS RUINED BY THE OBSCENE ROAR OF JET PLANES. THEN I LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF HAVING ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT CRIPPLING AN AIRPLANE PILOT. EXPERIMENT 100. MID NOVEMBER 1985 I SENT BOMB IN MAIL TO JAMES V. MCCONNELL, BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION RESEARCHER AT UNIV. OF MICHIGAN. ONLY MINOR INJURIES TO MCCONNLLS ASSISTANT. DEFLAGRATED, DID NOT DETONATE. MUST BE EITHER PIPE WAS A LITTLE WEAK OR LOADING DENSITY OF EXPLOSIVO A SHADE TOO HIGH AT FAILURE. EXPERIMENT 97. DEC. 11, 1985 I PLANTED BOMB DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE SCRAP OF LUMBER BEHIND RENTECH COMPUTE STORE IN SACRAMENTO. ACCORDING TO SAN FRANCISIO EXAMINER, DEC.20, THE "OPERATOR" (OWNER? MANAGER?) OF THE STORE WAS KILLED, "BLOWN TO BITS", ON DEC.12. EXCELLENT. HUMANE WAY TO ELIMINATE SOMEBODY. HE PROBABLY NEVER FELT A THING. 25000 DOLLAR REWARD OFFERED. RATHER FLATTERING. DEC. 11 I MAILED LETTER TO S.F. EXAMINER IN NAME OF A GROUP CALLING ITSELF THE FREEDOC CLUB, CLAIMING CREDIT FOR THE [redacted] BOMBING AND ANNOUNCING ITSELF AS AN ANTI TECHNOLOGY TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. BUT THE IN GC.20 ARTICLE IN THE EXAMINER DESCRIBED MY SERIES OF BOMBINGS AND STATED THAT NO GROUAND HAD CLAIMED CREDIT FOR THEM.UP TO DEC.22, NO MENTION IN EXAMINER OF MY LETTER. LETTER NOT YET ARRIVED? SEEMS STRANGE. AFTER THIS LATEST RAID I SEARCHED L.A. TIMES THROUGH DEC 13 AND SOME OTHER PAPERS THROUGH DEC 14, FOUND NO MENTION OF BOMBING. I FEARED SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG, AND SINCE EXP. 100 WAS FAILURE TOO I WAS TERRIBLY FRUSTRATED AND THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND ALL WINTER MAKING NEW, BETTER BOMBS, SO WROTE MY BROTHER GIVING EXCUSE TO CALL OF VISIT I WAS GOING TO MAKE HSM. BUT SINCE EXP 97 TURNED OUT SO WELL, I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE TO VISIT BROTHER AFTER ALL. "

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APRIL 19

are value-judgements, but the assertions that I made about why some people worship Art and Philosophy are statements of a factual character.)

I am not taking any stand as to whether or not ~~there~~ there is more diversity (on <u>significant</u> points [what I would consider significant]) in our society than in New Guinea — I am merely sneering at the importance that Maggie Mead ascribes (by implication) to the particular points of diversity that she listed.

Maggie Mead only stayed a few months with those people. She claims that was enough, but one wonders how well she could have really got to know them in that length of time. ~~It~~ Her opinion of their comparative uniformity may be a case of "all coons look alike to me". Or maybe not. I don't claim to know. Of course it is

APRIL 20

very probable that there is more diversity in our society if you take people from widely different backgrounds (say a ghetto nigger and ~~a profess~~ an upper middle class type) than what ordinarily occurs between two individuals in a New Guinea village. But it's not so clear if you restrict attention to a particular class in our society (say upper-middle-class-~~bus~~ businessmen).

Aug 18, 1980: IN JUNE NINETEEN EIGHTY, I SENT A BOMB TO P.A. WOOD, PSES. [PRES.] OF UNITED AIR LINES. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPERS

JUNE 18

be sure that you will have him adequately punished." In this case the Dean will probably take a very dim view of the professor's attitude, and the fact that the professor has explicitly expressed a desire for revenge on the student will, if anything, incline the Dean to be more lenient, ~~soft~~ rather than harsher, with the student.

Case 2. Now let us suppose instead that the professor says to the Dean (with the same manner and gestures as in Case 1): "I want you to know that I take this matter very seriously. I do not feel that any college can function adequately when students are permitted to indulge in this kind of gross insubordination. I feel that this student should be properly ~~punished~~ disciplined in order to show the student-body as a

APRIL 21

HE WAS HOSPITALIZED WITH CUTS AND BURNS AND HAD SURGERY FOR REMOVAL OF FRAGMENTS. POST OFFICE OFFERED FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS REWARD FOR CSQRVT IDENTIFICATION OF CULPRIT. FBI SAID BOMB HAD ENUF POWDER TO KILL, BUT "FAULTY CRAFTSMANSHIP" WEAKENED IT CAUSE

APRIL 22

CULPRIT "LEFT SOMETHING LOOSE". THIS
FALSE, THO MY DESIGN MAY HAVE BEEN
POOR DUE TO IGNORANCE OF THE TECHNOLOGY.
THE DETONATOR DID ALL I DESIGNED IT TO DO.
IT IGNITED THE POWDER. I KNOW FOR CERTAIN
THERE WAS NOTHING "LOOSE" IN THE EXPLOSIVE
UNIT ITSELF, CAUSE THE ENDS OF THE PIPE

APRIL 23

WERE STOPPED WITH WOODEN PLUGS
FASTENED WITH EPOXY AND FOR EACH PLUG TWO
NAILS PASSING THRU PLUG AND BOTH SIDES OF
PIPE. THERE WOULD BE NOTHING ELSE TO GET
LOOSE THAT COULD WEAKEN EXPLOSION.
PROBABLY, BOMB WEAK FROM NAIVE DESIGN
OR FBI MISTAKEN ABOUT TYPE

APRIL 24

OF POWDER. THEY WERE PARTLY WRONG ABOUT TYPE OF SWITCH USED, JUDGING FROM NEWSPAPER.

Sept. 15, 1980. Shortly after getting back to Montana after spending the greater part of a year working in the Chicago area, I reported in my notes that I no longer had the powerful desire for women that had troubled me while I was living among people. That was correct, and I am still untroubled by any strong sexual desire. Furthermore, I now look with a certain amount of disgust not only on the desire for sexual love that I experienced while at

APRIL 25

Chicago, but also on the other social feelings that I then experienced, mainly toward my co-workers at Prince Castle. Perhaps those feelings were partly due to my brief infatuation with that [redacted] Bitch. Be that as it may, it is better to have cool, detached feelings toward people. Stronger feelings do have their pleasures, but they tend to be enslaving; they infringe on one's autonomy. While having those feelings I looked back with a kind of nostalgia to the psychological autonomy and (so to speak) purity that I'd had in the mountains. Now, back in relative solitude, I am somewhat repelled by the memory of my social feelings.

b6
b7C

APRIL 26

Another topic: Since COMMITTING THE CRIMES REPORTED ELSEWHERE IN MY NOTES I FEEL BETTER. I AM STILL PLENTY ANGRY, you understand, but the difference is that I AM NOW ABLE TO STRIKE BACK, to a degree. True, I CAN'T STRIKE BACK TO ANYTHING LIKE THE EXTENT I WISH TO, BUT I NO LONGER FEEL TOTALLY HELPLESS, AND THE ANGER DOESN'T GNAW AT MY GUTS AS IT USED TO.

APRIL 27

GUILTY FEELINGS? YES, A LITTLE. OCCASIONALLY I HAVE BAD DREAMS IN WHICH THE POLICE ARE AFTER ME. OR IN WHICH I AM THREATENED WITH PUNISHMENT FROM SOME SUPERNATURAL SOURCE. SUCH AS THE DEVIL. BUT THESE DON'T OCCUR OFTEN YOU ENUF TO BE A PROBLEM. I AM DEFINITELY GLAD TO HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE.

APRIL 28

Just TWO OR THREE WEEKS AGO I COMMITTED A PARTICULARLY SATISFYING SMALL MISDEED. Feeling the need for a little peace, I took a couple of weeks' rations in my pack and set off. I went first to THE THICKETS AROUND THE HEAD OF ROCHESTER GULCH. Tired, I cooked a little cake of bannock, ate, and lay back to rest. Despite occasional passing airplanes, the peace of the woods began to settle over me. Then my ears picked up a tiny fluctuating sound that seemed like THE DISTANT BUZZ OF

APRIL 29

CHAINSAWS but it was so faint that I dismissed it as imaginary. However, the noise soon became louder, and it came closer so rapidly that I concluded it was NO LOGGING OPERATION. SOMEONE MUST BE CUTTING A TRAIL THRU THOSE THICKETS OF WHICH I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN especially fond, because they are difficult to walk through, and therefore I had always felt sure of my solitude in them. Though tired, I picked up my P rifle, stuck a few items in my pockets, and went to investigate. By this time THE CUTTERS ARE PASSING

APRIL 30

WITHIN A HUNDERD YARDS OF MY CAMP AND I COULD HEAR THEIR VOICES. I sneaked through the thickets very quietly. I passed close to a male spruce grouse which had been resting on the ground, sitting flat on its belly. It moved slowly away, watching me dubiously. When I got close enough, I stood and watched THE CUTTERS. I COULD HAVE SHOT ONE, BUT I WAS AFRAID THAT IN THAT CASE I MIGHT BE TRACKED BY DOGS and with my heavy pack and fatigue I was in no position to GET AWAY BY SOME LONG

MAY 1

COMPLICATED ROUTES
wading along stream beds. After
a while I saw THEM MOVE A
MOTORCYCLE ALONG THE TRAIL
THEY HAD CUT. I was now
fairly sure these must be the
PEOPLE WHO HAVE ONE OF
THE CABINS AT THE MOUTH
OF ROCHESTER GULCH.
I think these people are some
of the MAIN CULPRITS
AMONG THOSE WHO GO TEARING
OVER THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
ON THEIR CYCLES. You can
follow the tracks to where they

MAY 2

come out quite near THAT CABIN, AND THERE IS A BIG RUTTED PLACE WHERE THE MOTORCYCLES climb up to get up on the ridge. This new TRAIL WOULD NICELY COMPLEMENT THE ROUTES THEY USE, AND LET THEM RIDE PAST THE HEAD OF ROCHESTER.

After watching them play with their CHAINSAWS A WHILE, I sneaked around behind them and followed BACK ALONG THEIR OWN TRAIL for

MAY 3

maybe ⅛ or ¼ mile until I found
where THEY HAD LEFT THEIR
OTHER TWO MOTORCYCLES. I
PUT SUGAR IN THE GAS TANKS
OF BOTH AND SLASHED ALL
THE TIRES. THEN I SNEAKED
BACK TO MY CAMP. Here
I waited tensely for a while, afraid
to move out immediately because
it's very hard to move THICKETS
WITH A PACK, AND THEY WERE
WALKING SO CLOSE THAT I WAS
AFRAID THEY MITE HEAR ME
In the intervals when they
WERE NOT RUNNING THE SAWS.

MAY 4

After a while I heard the first CYCLE RUNNING UP WHERE THE OTHER TWO CYCLES HAD BEEN LEFT. After a short interval it ran back to where THE WORK HAD BEEN GOING ON, and after another interval I heard it ROARING AWAY OVER THE MTN, AND DOWN in the general direction of the MOUTH OF ROCHESTER. I waited a while longer, and, all being quiet, I loaded up my pack and moved out. I was more successful than I'd expected (though not completely so) in being QUIET WITH THE PACK IN

MAY 5

THE THICKET. After some hard work getting through that stuff, I went down to a favorite campsite of mine, near where I HAD MY SECRET SHACK. Here I found the peace I wanted. But next day I went home, because I was NERVOUS ABOUT LINGERING ANYWHERE IN THE AREA AFTER MY MISDEED.

I was particularly pleased with myself after this incident, for 2 reasons. For one thing, it was a very NEAT TRICK THAT I PULLED. THOSE FUCKERS MUST HAVE BEEN

MAY 6

ASTONISHED AND MYSTIFIED TO
FIND THEIR CYCLES RIPPED UP
ONLY A QUARTER MILE FROM WHERE
THEY WERE WORKING, IN AN AREA
WHERE THEY WOULD hardly
expect to FIND ANY PEOPLE.
For another thing, this
REVENGE WAS PARTICULARLY
SATISFYING BECAUSE IT WAS
AN immediate and precisely
directed response TO
THE PROVOCATION.
Contrast it with the
REVENGE I ATTEMPTED FOR
JET NOISE. I LONG FELT

MAY 7

FRUSTRATED ANGER AGAINST
THE PLANES.
After complicated preparation I
succeeded in INJURING THE
PRES OF UNITED A.L., BUT HE WAS
ONLY ONE OF A VAST ARMY OF
PEOPLE WHO directly and indirectly are
responsible for the JETS.
SO THE REVENGE WAS long
delayed, vaguely directed,
and inadequate TO THE
PROVOCATION. Thus it felt
good to be able, for a change, to
STRIKE BACK IMMEDIATELY
AND directly.
A few days later I
SENT AN ANONYMOUS NOTE
TO THE FOREST SERVICE

MAY 8

INFORMING THEM OF THAT
PRESUMABLY ILLEGAL TRAIL.
But I think the F.S. IS A
LITTLE LAX ABOUT SUCH THINGS,
AND IF THEY DO ANYTHING AT
ALL THEY PROBABLY ONLY
REPRIMAND THE PEOPLE
concerned.

Sept. 23, 1980: Yesterday I got back from a 5-day excursion in mostly wet, drizzly or rainy weather. Generally slept cold at night. At the age of 38, I should be well over the hill physically,

MAY 9

but I was very pleased with the way I held up on this strenuous trip--was surprizingly little troubled with fatigue. (But felt it after I got home.) I travelled very light; took no cooking utensils and mostly ate home-made "hard-tack" (baking-~~powed~~ powder bread hung up to dry out) and parched oats. ~~Boiled~~ Boiled drinking water right in the canteen. For the first time I used the old-fashioned blanket-roll pack (blanket rolled up lengthwise and slung over one shoulder diagonally across body, some articles carried rolled up in the blanket). This pack would never do if any substantial quantity of stuff was to be carried, but for travelling light I was delighted with it, because of the way the weight was distributed. And of course the weight of a packsack was also eliminated.

I camped for the first time on the

MAY 10

West Fork of Willow Creek. I explored to the west, and, for the first time in this country, I got really lost. I took no compass (hardly ever need it) and clouds totally obscured the sun. Of course I had counted on following the ridges, but it seems that in the Dalton area there are much more extensive flats than I realized, and when I finally got myself "found" again I was astonished at my location.

Horace Kephart describes the wood of Tamarack (larch, Larix) as [s/o] strong, tough, and not liable to check, and one purpose of my trip was to get some tamarack wood to try it for tool handles and other uses. ~~purposes.~~ Tamarack is very scarce around here. I recalled seeing it only once before, on the upper reaches of Willow Creek, a few years ago. [s/o]

MAY 11

So far as I know there is only that one stand of a few trees there, and I had some trouble finding them again, but find them again [sic]. These tamaracks are most beautiful and noble trees! They ~~are~~ were all big, tall, straight trees with attractive bark and beautiful, lacy, light-green foliage. Of the common trees around here, the only one whose beauty I appreciated at first sight was the Ponderosa; lodgepole pine, douglas fir, aspen, etc., I came to appreciate only later. But the tamaracks impressed me immediately. Their beauty was more subdued than that of the Ponderosa, but they gave a greater impression of perfection, nobility, and purity. Of course, those words don't convey much, because they are worn-out and trite. I wish I could convey the impression

MAY 12

of perfection that these trees made on me. They grew in open woods on a hillside, not in the moist ground where American tamaracks are supposed to grow typically. There were no young tamaracks, that I saw, and it would have been unthinkable to cut down one of those big trees just for a small amount of wood; but one of them luckily had a ~~su~~ sucker, or small subordinate tree growing from the same root, which might have been 5 inches in diameter. I cut this off, and (it being much too big to carry home) I cut off a piece maybe 3 or 3½ inches diameter at the thick end and 18 or 20 feet long to take with me. I was unhappy to have to leave the rest behind, because it seemed wasteful and because I'd like very much to have the wood if it's as good as Kephart says. Maybe I'll

MAY 13

have a chance to fetch another piece some other time. But I was very pleased with myself at getting the piece I did get, ~~at at~~ and at performing the feat of dragging it home over several miles of rough, wooded mountains. It probably weighed around 30 pounds. But those trees were so wonderful that it almost seemed like a sin ~~to~~ even to cut off the sucker.

Speaking of wonderful trees: On the northerly slopes of the big mtn. SW of my cabin, where I camped on the way home from this trip, there are areas of small lodgepoles interspersed with groves of big, old Alpine firs and Engelman spruces, which grow in moist areas where water seeps from the ground. Generally these springs are surrounded by little clearings, which in turn are surrounded by these groves. These

MAY 14

groves are wonderful, silent places which inspire a feeling of peace and reverence. One can well understand why our ancestors of Northern Europe had their sacred groves.
Sept. 26. Feeling a need for an improvement in diet, I went out hunting and foraging yesterday. At the pond in the nook in the hill north of the Cabin, approaching cautiously through the mist (it was a misty morning) I spotted a duck feeding. Crawling closer, I found there was a whole flock of perhaps eight ducks. I inched forward flat on my belly without the ducks noticing anything until, just when I figured I was close enough for a shot, one of them became suspicious. The ducks had all been feeding avidly, ~~but~~ and this one stopped feeding suddenly and just looked. Gradually the other ducks became alerted and they gathered together a little way off as if

MAY 15

wondering ~~wether~~ whether to swim to a more secure location. One of the laggards, casually moving toward the others, climbed up on a log. This gave me a clear shot. I hit the bird almost through the shoulders, disabling it. It climbed up on shore. When I went to pick it up it flopped back into the water, but I easily caught it without having to get wet above the middle of my calf. On the way home I found some excellent Yampa digging (relatively large roots), and I brought home just short of 1½ pints of this tasty food. Also picked some rose hips. Today I had an excellent lunch consisting of raw brooklime and radishes from my garden; a soup of wild ~~due~~ duck, radish greens, a few wild greens, about half the yampa, one level tablespoon of rice, and a pinch of salt; and a handful of choke cherries for dessert. I still have half the duck and yampa for tomorrow. Aside from

MAY 16

cleaning the yampa, a quiet ramble up the gulch, and baking bread, I took it easy today. A good day. Now, I have relatively little experience with ducks, since I don't often visit suitable places for them. I am used to recognizing mallards by their green heads. The duck I killed had no green head, yet I believe it was a male mallard, because it had some greenish feathers on the back of its head, and in all other respects satisfied the description of a mallard in my rather inadequate book. I figure that either this specimen was just hatched this year and not fully mature, or else that male mallards' colors fade after the breeding season, as is the case with some other birds. I saved some feathers from this bird's blue wing patch, and they exactly resemble the corresponding feathers from the duck I killed a couple of years ago which I thought was a shoveler duck. Presumably,

MAY 17

then, that was a misidentification. Trouble is, I like to pluck birds immediately because they are harder to pluck when cold, so I have to rely on memory when I later look them up in the book.

This morning I noticed an unusual phenomenon at one of the springy places that feeds the upper reaches of the stream here. Air bubbles kept coming up from the stony bottom in bursts, at regular intervals a few seconds apart. This continued for some time.

Oct. 10. I am planning to build a root cellar, which I will also design to serve as a fallout shelter if necessary. This is not because I think nuclear war is likely (on the contrary, I think it is improbable, except perhaps for small-scale wars in unstable parts of the world where some nations are expected to get

MAY 18

atom bombs in a few years). If it were simply a matter of maximizing my life expectancy, there are other measures that I would take that would be ~~mu~~ much more important than a fallout shelter. But death from nuclear fallout would be particularly humiliating — one would be the helpless and impotent victim of the decisions of dictators or politicians thousands of miles ~~av~~ away, beyond one's reach. However, with a fallout shelter one would no longer be totally helpless, because one would have a good chance of being able to protect oneself. This would partly relieve the sense of helpless anger at the power games played by dictators and politicians. Furthermore: Even though an atomic war [s/o] would put me in serious personal danger even with a fallout shelter, nevertheless, if I had such

MAY 19

a shelter, I would regard a major nuclear war as a possible opportunity. If ⅔ of the population of this country were wiped out and the economic system ~~s~~[s/o] smashed, invasion of the wilderness would presumably cease for a long time to come. Of course, the fallout itself might do devastating damage to plants and wildlife, but (for a considerable period of time) it's likely enough that there would be far more opportunity for solitude, independence, and a way of life that is not under the ~~demination~~ domination of The System. It's true, though, that nuclear war might promptly be followed by the introduction of some dictatorial regime, either regional or nationwide, originating either ~~inside~~ inside or outside the U.S. On

MAY 20

the other hand, in view of the shattered condition of society, it would probably be a long time before such a regime got around to establishing control over backwoods hermits -- it would be too busy trying to get the main centers of society under control and functioning again. Anyway, the point I wanted to make is merely that, for me, if I had a shelter, a nuclear war would not be only a threat; it would also be an (admittedly very risky) opportunity — perhaps. And I'd hate to miss that opportunity just from being too lazy to build a fallout shelter.

Oct. 13. A couple of weeks ago, on the south slope of Baldy, I found wonderful Oregon-grape picking. I got [s/o] over 7 quarts and could have got more if I'd had more bags to

MAY 21

carry them in. So I had about a quart of juice a day for 5 days, and I put up two 1½-pint bottles sealed with paraffin to save for later. Since the hunting and gathering reported on Sept. 26, I've shot another mallard and 3 blue grouse and dug altogether almost another quart of yampa at the same place, and all this stuff, together with rose-hips and other odds and ends of wild stuff, has made a very important contribution to my diet, which without it is pretty bad, especially since I can't start using my canned fruit or certain other winter supplies until Oct. 15, the way I have things rationed. Also, I gathered shepherd's-purse seeds from plants that grew as weeds in my garden and ground them to a coarse meal on a flat stone. This yielded about ½ cup meal. I

MAY 22

mixed this with 1 [s/o] cup white flour and ½ cup sourdough starter and the resulting bread had a remarkable flavor that I found very pleasant. By the way, my guts have been behaving much, much better in recent months. Apparently the reason is that I've been making an effort to get enough fiber in my diet. Also, I've mostly stopped using baking-powder bread, and make sourdough instead.

I haven't been able to spend as much time as I wish hunting for meat and wild vegetables because of some projects I have on hand. I had some canned goods and other delicacies to let me spend my time on the projects instead of hunting, but that stuff has long since run out, and it isn't convenient for me to

MAY 23

go to town for more just yet.

Oct. 18. "Men get tired of prosperity, just as they are afflicted by the reverse." N. Machiavelli, Discourses, Third Book, Chapt. XXI.

Wild carrots (Daucus Carota) do not naturally grow around here, but I have some in my garden, grown from seeds originating in Illinois. Yesterday I harvested some and ate them with great enjoyment. Today I had a delicious stew of rabbit meat, shaggy-mane mushrooms, wild carrot roots and greens (the greens do seem to be edible), a couple of heaping spoonfuls of cornmeal, and a very small amount of rice. These roots are much starchier than domestic carrots, but not quite so starchy as domestic parsnips. The bigger ones are about the diameter of my little

MAY 24

finger, but much longer. The roots are tough when raw, but become tender when boiled for 20 minutes or more. I ate a lot of these carrots back in Illinois and my experience was that roasting did not make the roots tender--boiling was necessary. The plants seem to be able to resist hard frosts quite well.

Nov.2 "Titormus ~~was the~~... was the strongest man in Greece and went to live in the remotest part of Aetolia to avoid intercourse with his kind." -- Herodotus, Book Six, p. 433 of the Penguin edition (1978).

Nov. 5. Today I finished making a pair of mittens out of smoke-tanned rockchuck (marmota flaviventris) pelts. They have heavy

MAY 25

liners made from the remains of my old worn-out sleeping bag that I saved. In moderate temperatures they could also be used without the liners, the fur alone then serving as insulation. All my other mittens are quite worn out, except for the down-filled ones that I bought in ^early 1973. These I've used only in very cold weather and never for rough work, because they were expensive ($16.00). So that I can continue to preserve these, I made the rockchuck mittens for every-day use.

Nov. 14. I have just re-read, for I suppose the 4th or 5th time, Joseph Wood Krutch's "The [s/o] Desert Year". I admire this book. To me, the first chapter, "Why I came", is a most wonderful piece of writing. It goes right to my heart.

MAY 26

Jan. 3, 1981. Very mild winter so far--hardly any snow on the ground. A few days ago there was enough of a thaw so that it was possible to dig roots, and I made a little discovery that will be useful if confirmed by later experience: Dandelion roots are <u>much</u> more tender and starch-filled when dug at this time of year than they are when dug in the spring, at which time the plants have already started to grow. Next year I expect I'll dig some dandelion roots in late autumn before the ground freezes.

Jan. 11: Catching up on some things to be coded: Concerning the excursion reported in the Sept. 23 (1980) entry: GOING TO MY CAMPSITE, FAMILIAR TRIP, FIRST DAY OF THE EXCURSION, I NOTICED THAT A FAVORITE PLACE OF MINE WAS BEING RUINED BY LOGGING.

MAY 27

ALSO ON THAT TRIP I SMASHED ALL
WINDOWS OF A FAIRLY NEW, PRETENTIOUS
TYPE CABIN BY DALTON MTN. RD. DURING
OCTOBER M TOOK A TRIP (TWO NIGHTS OUT)

MAY 28

TO MCCLELLAN DRAINAGE,
WHERE I'D PREVIOUSLY SEEN A NEW
MINING CLAIM WITH TIN SHACK.
MADE ME SICK TO SEE WHERE THEY'D
BULLDOZED A ROAD THRU, JUST SO
THEY COULD DIG SMALL AMOUNT
GOLD AS HOBBY. SO I
BROKE INTO SHACK AND SMASHED UP
THEIR STUFF, WHICH WAS THE
PURPOSE OF THE TRIP.

Written Dec. 25, 1980: It may surprise some people who regard any ENEMY

MAY 29

OF ORGANIZED SOCIETY AS "SICK"
AND THEREFORE UNHAPPY, BUT I FIND THAT
I AM A HAPPY MAN. OF COURSE
I HAVE HAD MUCH SATISFACTION
AND HAPPINESS EVER SINCE I
CAME TO LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS,
BUT ALL TOO OFTEN I WAS ACUTELY
TROUBLED BY FRUSTRATED ANGER AT
MOTORCYCLES, AIRPLANES, ALL

MAY 30

THAT STUFF AGAINST WHICH MY JOURNALS ARE FULL OF COMPLAINTS, AND AT THE DEATH OF WILDERNESS AND FREEDOM THAT I FORESEE. I SOMETIMES FELT AS IF I WANTED TO DIE ALONG WITH THE WILDERNESS. HOWEVER, SINCE ACQUIRING THE ABILITY TO COMMIT REVENGE CRIMES, I HAVE FOUND VAST RELIEF FROM THESE PROBLEMS. NOW MY ANGER

MAY 31

NEED NO LONGER BE HELD IN. ALSO, I HAVE MADE A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE. Wild country is still best, but now I am more willing to take what good things I can get from life even when I can't isolate myself from the system nearly as much as I'd like. This change of attitude is made possible by MY REVENGE CRIMES, BECAUSE (SINCE I CAN STRIKE BACK) THIS CHANGE OF ATTITUDE NO LONGER REPRESENTS A HUMILIATING, SLAVISH SURRENDER.

JUNE 1

WILD COUNTRY, FREEDOM, AND
ISOLATION FROM THE SYSTEM IS BEST,
AND IF THE SYSTEM DEPRIVES ME OF
THESE THEN I MUST STRIKE BACK
REVENGEFULLY. BUT IF I CAN STRIKE
BACK, THEN I CAN BETTER
ENJOY NATURE EVEN IF IT IS
PARTLY RUINED BY THE INVASION OF
THE SYSTEM, BECAUSE THE INVASION
OF THE SYSTEM NO LONGER CHOKES ME

JUNE 2

WITH FRUSTRATED ANGER, PROVIDED
I CAN GET SOME REVENGE.

Jan. 21. Having chiseled and ground the surface of my flat stone to make it more efficient for grinding seeds, I am now adding a heaping tablespoonful of meal made by grinding pennycress seeds to each of my cakes of bread — the pennycress meal being substituted for an equal amount of whole-wheat flour. I am short on whole-wheat flour, which I need for roughage to keep my guts acting right, so that the equally rough pennycress meal is useful in stretching my supply. It makes a dark-brown bread of very good flavor, with a mustardy bite to

JUNE 3

it, pennycress being related to mustard. When my pennycress seeds are used up, I expect to try Chenopodium album seeds, of which I also have a modest supply.

I wish I could describe how joyous it is to get up early in the morning, take the rifle under the arm, and go out to range over the hills. But I must admit that the rifle has been doing but little business this winter, because there's been so little snow. Since about early November I've only shot 11 rabbits and one squirrel and trapped one squirrel. A project I have in hand has obliged me to go to Lincoln a few times, and I've brought back a little canned fish, but it isn't really enough, so I've been getting rather meat-hungry in between the few snowfalls when I've been able to get rabbits.

JUNE 4

Feb. 3. Caught a rabbit with a deadfall. For reasons that I won't take the trouble to describe here, I have had problems with figure - 4 triggers when using a log for a deadfall. So I invented my own trigger, which (on the basis of my thus far limited experience with it) appears to be ~~quite~~ ~~quite sensitive~~ quite sensitive, yet easy to adjust — its drawback being that it is relatively complicated to set up.

[SEE ORIGINAL FIGURE]

JUNE 5

Weight of log results in the stick D exerting a force in the direction indicated by the arrow a, but this force is slight, because of the leverage situation. Trigger stick A prevents D from moving in direction of arrow a, but trigger stick is held in place only by the slight force exerted by stick D; hence a slight nudge will dislodge trigger stick A and spring trap. ~~pu~~ Purpose of round stick B, inserted between trigger stick A and fixed object C, is ~~t~~ to make position of trigger stick more precarious so that trap will be more sensitive to slight nudge.

Feb. 5: I ground up some Chenopodium (album?) seeds to make about ¾ pint of black meal. Mixed with flour and stuff this makes a very tasty bread, but apparently it

JUNE 6

has some irritant or marked laxative effect, because, having eaten at dusk a cake of bread containing 3 heaping tablespoons of Chenopodium meal, I had a mild case of diarrhea the following dawn. Well, tough luck, but one can learn these things only by trying. Used in very small amounts the meal does not seem to have this effect, so I guess I'll use it up a little at a time. At least I've found meal from shepherd's-purse and from pennycress to be good. Books I've read that say Chenopodium album seeds are edible, say nothing about the laxative effect; maybe I have a different species of Chenopodium (don't have botanical manual for precise identification) or maybe those authors just had tougher guts than me.

Feb. 8. Having set some traps, yesterday

JUNE 7

morning I found I'd caught a
rabbit in a steel trap, but something
had killed it and ~~eated~~ eaten about
a third of it. Fortunately the hind legs
and lower back (best part of the meat)
were untouched. I assumed a weasel
had done it, that being by far the
most common small predator around
here. I saw no definite weasel tracks,
but thought they might have been
covered or disguised by some snow
that had fallen. I reset the traps and left
a scrap of the rabbit by them in hope of
catching the weasel, which otherwise would
likely eat part of any rabbit I might catch
in that place. This morning when I
checked the traps I found to my great
dismay that I'd caught a horned owl.
I <u>like</u> owls so much. Of course, I
like rabbits and weasels too, but
they are so much more common. So

JUNE 8

far as I know, owls are not very common around here. I very much enjoy hearing them hoot at night, but don't often have a chance to do so. Besides, even apart from their relative scarcity, I ~~fel~~ feel as if there's something a little special about ~~owl~~ owls — perhaps because of a great grey owl (I <u>think</u> it was the great gray) that used to entertain me with its hooting at one of my regular campsites.

This bird, by the way, was ~~not~~ most beautiful — to me, anyway. Especially its eyes — large black pupil surrounded by an iris of bright, clear yellow. It looked me straight in the eyes at all times when it was physically possible for it to do so. A rabbit or rock chuck caught in a trap reacts with abject panic when approached;

JUNE 9

a weasel tries to attack. The owl appeared stoical. It did put itself on the defensive when approached too closely, but was neither ~~panicky~~ panicky nor aggressive. Subjectively one would conjecture that a trapped weasel or owl suffers ~~mu~~ much less than a rabbit or rock chuck with its uncontrolled panic, but I'm not sure how meaningful such a comparison is. Anyhow, while my reaction to a trapped rabbit is one of strong pity, I felt relatively little pity for the owl. Instead, I felt respect, admiration for both its character and its beauty, and very strong regret at having severely injured such an animal. The trapped foot was dangling from the ankle and frozen solid. But because I was extremely reluctant to kill this

JUNE 10

bird I freed it from the trap and kept it alive for 20 minutes or so, even taking it into the cabin. I didn't want to let it go, figuring it would die miserably from infection or from inability to take care of itself with one foot. I thought of keeping it around permanently, but I don't see how I could feed it, since I often have to go meatless myself for a stretch. I thought of giving it to the game warden, but not knowing what are the regulations about setting traps I was afraid I might get into trouble about it – and besides, I hate the idea of a wild animal being "institutionalized" at the humane society or some such place. So, with deep regret, I finally decided to knock the owl on the head. Well, I can't do ~~any~~ anything about it now, so I might as well look on the bright side.

JUNE 11

The bird had a considerable ~~amount~~ amount of fat on it, and the meat looked dark-red and rich, so maybe it will be good eating. I'll cook it tomorrow.

Feb. 9. Owl is good eating! Though somewhat tough.

Feb. 9. Carlyle, ~~History of~~ the French Revolution, Vol I, ~~pargr~~ paragraph 468: "Best[s/o] of all, some happy continents (as the western one [America] with its savannahs, where whosoever has four willing limbs finds food under his feet and an infinite sky over his head) can do without governing." Similarity of this remark to my own viewpoint is most interesting, coming from the order-loving Carlyle!

Feb. 10. Winter has come at last — with a vengeance! In the last week or 10 days or whatever it is we've had a good

JUNE 12

deal of snow. Yesterday, 0° at dawn. Last night I thought, "gee this is an awful cold night." When I went out shortly after dawn this morning, my thermometer read more than 29½° below zero! Which probably corresponds to a real temperature of about ~~31~~ 31½° below zero; by a margin of 10° the coldest temperature I've ever seen here. And, as my cabin is in a warm spot, it was probably 40° or 45° below at some places not far from here. I walked up to Humbug Contour Road, where I imagine the temperature likely was down around 40° below. What with the exercise, my home-made rabbit-skin-lined coat, groundhog-skin mittens, etc., etc., kept me toasty-warm, though my toes felt a little frosty at first, until the exercise got the blood

JUNE 13

circulating vigorously. Then I came down again and [s/o] cut a load of firewood. Beautiful sunshine now, but still pretty cold.

Feb. 18. No one ought to believe anything that my parents or brother say about me.* All three of them have weak characters and undisciplined minds -- anything they say about me (even concerning concrete facts) is likely to be grossly distorted by emotional factors.

March 13. Blue grouse grunting already. Do not recall having heard them grunting this early before; but it's been a mild winter and very early spring. If early spring means early grouse-grunting, then their grunting season must be governed by weather, not by astronomical time of year. I'd ~~pre~~[s/o] previously assumed astronomical time of year was the

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*Whether good or bad.

JUNE 14

governing factor, since I've read that migrations of birds start at a particular astronomical time, regardless of weather. Am getting tasty wild onions.

April 14. After a spell of prematurely fine spring weather, we had a spell of cold weather with many light snowfalls. Got plenty of wild onions, but otherwise vegetables were scanty. Kept pretty well supplied with meat this spring, following a winter in which meat was pretty scanty, owing to paucity of fresh snowfalls to make rabbit ~~hunting~~ tracking possible. Got only 29 rabbits this year, including those I got this spring (26 shot at cost of 27 cartridges, 3 trapped; but owl ate ⅛ of one of those 3). Today for a change had beautiful sunny weather; 20° at dawn but warm later. Was out at dawn and took long ramble over the hills —

JUNE 15

had excellent luck – got 2 male blue grouse and one rabbit. the first grouse I located by its grunting — high up in a tree! ~~Umu~~ Unusual. Usually they grunt on the ground. Also, the waterleaf is starting to come up, and as dandelions, bitterroot and 1 or 2 other things are available I should do alright on vegetables now. A good day.

April 16. Have been having some most delicious soups made from rice, wild meat, and assorted wild roots and herbs. Treated myself to an easy day today -- did only a little work, spent considerable time just sitting around here and there looking at things and enjoying the wind. Peaceful. I wish I could adequately describe the joy of this way of life.

April 21. From Civilización y Barbarie [Civilization and Rusticity] [s/o] by the Argentine Domingo Faustino Sarmiento: Thus, life in the country

JUNE 16

developed physical skills in the Gaucho but it did not develop his intelligence. His moral character becomes compromised by his habit of overcoming obstacles and the forces of nature. He is strong, haughty, energetic. He has no education and does not need one. He has neither means of subsistence nor needs. He is happy in the midst of his poverty and deprivations, which he doesn't recognize as such, since he knows no other joys and does not aspire to greater heights. Therefore, if rusticity is at the root of this disolution of society, since any moral and intellectual education is both impossible and useless, it does, nevertheless, possess a certain attractiveness.

April 22. This morning I shot a ruffed grouse that was drumming near the cabin,

JUNE 17

by crawling on the ground to sneak up on it, which is not easy to do.

In order to illustrate some of the ~~fakeries~~ fakeries and shams that apparently are necessary for the functioning of technological society, I will construct a hypothetical example: A college professor has been grossly insulted by an insubordinate student. He ~~taks~~ takes the matter to the Dean, and, to make sure that the student is punished to his satisfaction, and does not get off with a mere reprimand, he indicates to the Dean the strength of his feelings on the matter.

Case 1. First let us suppose that the Professor says: "This incident has wounded my vanity and made me very angry. In order to have an outlet for my anger and get revenge on this student, I want to

JUNE 18

be sure that you will have him adequately punished." In this case the Dean will probably take a very dim view of the professor's attitude, and the fact that the professor has explicitly expressed a desire for revenge on the student will, if anything, incline the Dean to be more lenient, ~~soft~~ rather than harsher, with the student.

Case 2. Now let us suppose instead that the professor says to the Dean (with the same manner and gestures as in Case 1): "I want you to know that I take this matter very seriously. I do not feel that any college can function adequately when students are permitted to indulge in this kind of gross insubordination. I feel that this student should be properly ~~punished~~ disciplined in order to show the student-body as a.

JUNE 19

whole that there are certain limits which cannot be overstepped. The insult to me personally is of no ~~great~~ great importance, but the well-being of the college community requires bla bla bla bla bla etc. etc. ..."

In this case the Dean is likely to receive favorably the professor's ~~spea~~ spiel, and probably will be harder on the student than ~~if the~~ he ~~Professor had not spoken to him~~ would have been if the professor had not insisted on "firm discipline". Yet he knows (somewhere down inside, even if he doesn't admit it to himself consciously) that the professor's motive is anger at a personal insult and that he wants to have an outlet for that anger (which is just another way of saying that he wants revenge on the student). After all, the professor

JUNE 20

wouldn't be so upset and insistent on "discipline" if it had been some other professor who was insulted. ~~If~~ If the Dean doesn't realize that the professor's motive is revenge, he certainly ~~au~~ ought to, because it is obvious. Yet, because in one case the professor has ~~dressed~~ dressed up his motive in certain conventional verbal formulas, he will get an entirely different reaction than he does in the other case, where he explicitly asks for revenge.

Now, I am fairly sure that there are some people who will reject the ideas, motives, and attitudes expressed in my notes and journals simply because I have stated everything too boldly and explicitly. [s/o] And these same people would have accepted much of what I've written

JUNE 21

if I had provided a veneer of rationalizations and moralistic justification — stuff about the "well-being of humanity" and all that crap — even though my real motives and attitudes were sufficiently obvious. It's just that ~~they would need a~~ these people would need a lot of window-dressing to enable them to feel comfortable with this stuff.

April 25. Have had very good success with grouse hunting this spring. Thus far have killed 9 blue grouse (at a cost of 10 cartridges) and one ruffed (1 cartridge). With these, and the last few rabbits I killed, I've kept myself well-supplied with meat. Wild vegetables have been rather slow-growing because of the cold, cloudy weather, but by working a little harder I've got plenty of vegetables too, and have been enjoying some wonderful soups. Had a good [s/o] outing up on the ridges this morning. The

JUNE 22

Wisp was calling me — not very strongly, but enough. I discovered a plant belonging to the Mint family that I've never seen before — just <u>one</u> specimen of it — couldn't find any others around.

April 30. A bad day. Shot a blue grouse (a clean shot, and I'm pretty sure I hit it) but it flew and I couldn't find it. This means I've got 10 grouse for 12 shots this spring — 5/6, a bad average. Of course, this spoils my day.

May 6. From now on I think I'll write my confessions on illegal hunting in Spanish because it'll be safer in case someone sees these notebooks by accident. The name of the bird, having the scientific name of Dendragapus obsurus, is not in my Spanish dictionary. I will therefore call this bird,

JUNE 23

thick and blue bird. Only a few days ago I caught a flaviventris marmot (groundhog) with a steel trap. It was a big marmot. Yesterday I shot a thick and blue bird. Then I wanted to dig some **bitterroot**. But I forgot my root-digging too tools. Fortunately, I found a stag horn -- and I discovered that it was better than my tools for digging certain roots. While I was digging roots, I ~~fou~~ found a very strange **shooting-star** plant -- it had pure white flowers. Very beautiful. Generally the flowers on **shooting-stars** are pink. I have never seen a **shooting-star** with white flowers before. [s/o] Every time

JUNE 24

I eat **bitterroot** I like it better.
But it takes such a long time to clean!

June 23. Maybe 4 weeks ago I shot a ground-hog **(ground-hog; i.e., yellow-bellied marmot)** near [redacted] cabin. I hit it in the head; knocked it down and found blood at the site. But before I could retrieve it, it recovered enough to go to his burrow. Although I spent a long time digging the burrow, I could not get it. It was under [redacted] cabin. Excrement! This puts my **average** under 90%; I mean, my average since last August. Well, I will no doubt raise my average again when I hunt other times. ~~No he~~

b6
b7C

JUNE 25

I have not hunted recently because I am busy digging a root cellar, and with other projects. I've bought some canned fish for meat. The same day that I lost that ground-hog, I caught another ground-hog with a trap. It was the second ground-hog that I caught this spring.

The following pieces are from "Buenos Aires; Portrait of a Hispanic Society", edited by H. Ernest Lewald, Houghton-Mifflin, 1968. Well, I won't copy the first section because it is too long; but I direct attention to it because it provides a good example of the sense of **purposelessness** and the sense that life is wasted which exists in

JUNE 26

modern society. This section is: Does happiness exist for the working woman? written by Roberto Arlt, pages 54-56. It first appeared in Nuevas aguafuertes porteñas, [New Etchings from Buenos Aires] by Roberto Arlt.

The second section: (page 37; first appeared in "La Ciudad de un hombre" ["One Man's City"] by Leonidas Barletta). -- Our city sure is beautiful! With these **guys** who don't believe in anything! And who don't respect anything, not even the president! No one here can pretend to be important because no one cares -- And when we care about something, it's to oppose an adversary, and for a short time. -- [This is what I want. That's how it should be.]

JUNE 27

June 26, 1981: ABOUT A MONTH AGO I RAIDED THE CABIN THAT I THINK BELONGS TO THE STUPID GUYS WHO OFTEN DRIVE MOTORCYCLES AROUND ROCHESTER GULCH. I BROKE MOST OF THE WINDOWS AND OUTSIDE I BROKE TWO THIRDS OF THE ROOFING.

JUNE 28

IF I'M WRONG THINKING THAT THIS
CABIN BELONGS TO THOSE PEOPLE,
IT WON'T MATTER MUCH BECAUSE
I'VE SEEN MOTORCYCLES PARKED
BY THIS CABIN AT THE MOUTH OF
THE ROCHESTER, ANOTHER TIME
"SNOWMOBILES"

JUNE 29

AND ANOTHER TYPE OF "RECREATIONAL VEHICLE." IT WAS MY SECOND OR THIRD RAID TO THIS CABIN.

July 5. A FEW DAYS AGO I FINISHED MAKING A TWENTY TWO CALIBER PISTOL. THIS TOOK ME A LONG TIME, FOR A YEAR AND A HALF, THEREBY PREVENTING ME FROM WORKING ON SOME OTHER PROJECTS I WOULD

JUNE 30

HAVE LIKED TO CARRY OUT. GUN WORKS
WELL AND I GET AS MUCH ACCURACY OUT OF
IT AS I'D EXPECT FOR AN INEXPERIENCED
PISTOL SHOT LIKE ME. IT IS EQUIPPED

JULY 1

WITH IMPROVISED SILENCER WHICH DOES
NOT WORK AS WELL AS I HOPED. AT A
GUESS IT CUTS NOISE DOWN TO MAYBE
ONE THIRD. IT IS SAID THAT IT IS EASY

JULY 2

FOR MACHINIST TO MAKE A GUN, BUT OF COURSE I DID NOT HAVE MACHINE TOOLS, BUT ONLY A FEW FILES, HACKSAW BLADES, SMALL VICE, A RICKETY HAND DRILL, ETC.

JULY 3

I TOOK **THE BARREL** FROM AN OLD PNEUMATIC PISTOL. I MADE THE OTHER PARTS OUT OF SEVERAL METAL PIECES. MOST OF THEM COME FROM THE OLD ABANDONED CARS NEAR HERE. I NEEDED TO MAKE THE PARTS WITH ENOUGH PRECISION BUT I MADE THEM WELL AND I'M VERY SATISFIED. I WANT TO USE THE GUN AS A HOMICIDE WEAPON.

July 13: Yesterday evening I happened to locate the nest of a hummingbird. Well, I was going to write in Spanish, to practice, but I forgot. Yesterday, a little bit before sunset, I found a hummingbird's nest. At least I think so. It was a dark object that was high up in a Douglas fir, and the hummingbird rested on it several times, but I could not see if it was really a nest. I did not want to climb the tree to see, because

JULY 4

I did not want to bother the bird or disturb the delicate nest. If I am right in thinking that this is the nest, it's the first time I've seen a hummingbird's nest since I saw one really close in California many years ago. A robin (or two?) raised two babies in a nest near my cabin this spring.

November 14. Since the last time I wrote in this notebook, the following has occurred: I killed two enormous porcupines, the first in early August, the second towards mid October. I shot both in the head with my "twenty-two." I ate almost nothing but the meat of the first porcupine for three days, and I even had enough meat for the

JULY 5

meat part of my diet for another three days. The second one provided me with an ample amount of meat for approximately eleven days. In August I shot two blue partridges. In October I shot a ruff partridge, ~~which~~ which I saw while unsuccessfully hunting a hare. This partridge was sitting still on the ground, without it knowing I had seen it. I have not had much time to hunt or look for wild plants, since I have been busy with my root cellar. Anyway, I would not have hunted ducks since the newspapers said that wild ducks are now contaminated with a dangerous insecticide called "**endrin.**" Since the **huckleberry** crop was scarce, in

JULY 6

late summer I used other berries of inferior quality; that is, **black twinberries** and black currants. I discovered that **black twinberries** are not a bad food if you eat them by the spoonful and not one by one. (It is interesting that some berries taste better when eaten by the spoonful and not one by one.) Before, I had a great repulsion for black currants; maybe because I once tried to eat a lot of black currants that were not quite ripe. But now this repulsion has disappeared and I like black currants quite well... when they are completely ripe. I have learned to recognize a new edible plant; that is, **white aster**. I grew some delicious tasting parsnip in my garden,

JULY 7

and also, "wild" carrots, also good tasting. ~~For the winter~~ To eat during the winter, I have dried some strawberries and black currants, some rhubarb, some nettle and "wild" carrot greens and some watercress. I put up some rhubard preserves and white currants in wax-covered jars (5 jars). ~~I've discovered~~ Of course I have many dried dandelion roots picked in the spring. I have discovered that **rose hips** are very good to eat (without cooking) if the seeds are removed and the berries are rolled in sugar. I would like to have more time to do such things, but... the damn cellar and other important projects.

JULY 8

November 29. In my earlier notes I mentioned that I built a very small log cabin in an isolated site several years ago. I spent some weeks there during three winters and I would use it as shelter when I passed through there in the summer, if it rained. Near the cabin was a ~~place~~ favorite place of mine where I would usually camp out; an owl would sing for me at night here. Well, late this summer I went there and next to the gulch which runs near the cabin, I found a plastic strip with a number; it was probably something related to some official project; maybe some inspection or measurement or land survey. From this direction it was not difficult to see the cabin, in spite of my ~~tries~~—attempts to cover it. And it looked like someone ~~had~~—(no doubt the ~~pers~~

JULY 9

person who placed the strip) found the cabin, since the logs that covered the door were pushed to the side and some plastic sheeting (I had used to keep water out) had been taken out of the cabin. This made me feel very sad because this had been a favorite place of mine and the fact that someone (especially someone official) ~~had~~ had discovered it ruined it for me in a way.

Dec. 4. Yesterday morning I figured the snow conditions would make good rabbit hunting, so I went to the north slope of the hill that lies ~~south north~~ of the cabin and quickly got 3 rabbits. Also got a nice piece of aspen wood that I want for something.

JULY 10

Beautiful sunny morning - a good day. This fall and winter I have, so far, shot 5 rabbits and one squirrel. My "average" (i.e. ratio of number of animals killed to number of shots fired), computed on the basis of hunting done since August 1981, is now once again better than 90%, as it normally is. It had fallen below that when I messed up a shot at a rock chuck last July.

Dec. 9. Yesterday I went to the top of the mountain to hunt for hares. ~~The conditions~~ The snow condition was not good for this but I felt like going to the top of the mountain and a hike. I was not successful as far as the hares there but

JULY 11

I found the prints of a ruff partridge and after following the prints for a while I found the partridge and shot it. While on my way back home, on the slope over the cliff not very far below the old mine, I followed a hare's ~~pr~~ prints and I found it shortly after and shot it. When I write "ruff partridge". I mean Bonasa umbellus (scientific name).

I forgot to mention that I was surprised that a ruff partridge would be on top of a hill in a type of area preferred by blue partridges. Generally, ruff partridges are found in lower areas of dense vegetation, especially near

JULY 12

swampy streams. [I think I have used the verb "tirar" [redacted] "shoot"] incorrectly previously. Where I have written "tirar" [redacted] "shoot"] replace with "kill with my rifle."] b6 b7C

Dec. 14. Snow conditions fairly good for rabbit hunting this morning, so I went up on the ridge and shot 4 rabbits. Actually I got the first one down here in the gulch before heading up on the ridge, and this one was somewhat of a freak, as it had ~~bro~~ a brown patch on top of its head, brown edges to its ears, and brown hair around its eyes, though temperatures have been cold enough so that all the other rabbits have turned entirely white, except of course for the black-tipped ears.

Dec. 23. Thus far have killed 14 rabbits this year. This morning snow conditions were good so I went out for rabbits--but only a short excursion because I was tired from cutting

JULY 13

firewood the preceding day. Killed one rabbit on N. slope of the hill that lies N. of cabin – actually down at the foot of the slope. ~~On the~~ Not seeing signs of other rabbits thereabouts I came home; but at the flat clearing just below the narrow part of my home gulch some fresh rabbit tracks showed me where a rabbit was hiding in a thick clump of willow. It was the kind of situation where one can get very close to the rabbit but it's hard to get a clear shot where you can be sure the bullet won't be deflected by a twig. So I thought I would go get my bow and arrow – not that it's easier to shoot through brush with an arrow, but you can always recover your arrow if you miss and you haven't wasted a cartridge. Actually though, my main motive for using an arrow was simply to get the rabbit in this more primitive way rather than

JULY 14

by means of a firearm. I got the rabbit with the arrow ~~al~~ alright; a clean kill at the[s/o] range of about 3 or 4 feet. The arrow punctured the animal's skull. Actually I was aiming for the chest, but you can't expect to be accurate shooting an arrow through brush. This is the first time I have ever killed a rabbit with bow and arrow — or have even tried to do so, though I've taken a few unsuccessful arrow-shots at squirrels and once at a grouse.

Jan. 2, 1982. Fair snow conditions yesterday, so I went out for rabbits. Because, I suppose, of the fact that I kill many rabbits every winter on the ridge around Baldy and east thereof, the rabbit population there and here in Florence Gulch is getting scanty, and most of the rabbits I get are rather small -- I suppose they

JULY 15

are young rabbits, perhaps moving into the area from more populated parts, in search of living-space. So to ease up the pressure on these areas I went across Stemple pass road and up on the big mountain to hunt in the area where my camp is, that I've used many times. The day started out bad; for example, I fell and bruised myself. But by the time I got up on the mountain, in that wonderful stretch of wild country up there, everything was going well. Though snow conditions were less than ideal I got 5 rabbits, 4 with the .22 and one with bow and arrow — the arrow neatly transfixed the skull. Range: 5 or 6 feet (distance from me to rabbit... ~~distance from me to rabbit;~~ distance from tip of arrow to rabbit might have been 3 or 4 feet.) The

JULY 16

last rabbit I got on the way home; I just spotted it sitting there without having to trail it. That doesn't often happen. Luck! The rabbits certainly seem more abundant up there, and those I killed were bigger than the majority of rabbits I get on my home hunting grounds. As it is a pretty good hike up there and the snowshoeing was fairly strenuous owing to soft, fluffy snow, I was out from dawn to dusk — say 9 hours — and came home more exhausted than it is good to be. 5 rabbits together with rifle, bow, and heavy coat make a pretty good load to carry over steep slopes through soft snow. But it was a very good day up there in that beautiful country. However, while

JULY 17

on my way home, it didn't go very well for me because I had the misfortune of running into some stupid people driving machines over the snow. It looked like they were going over the same course repeatedly, over and over again, without a comprehensible reason, like idiots repeating a ritual. Or, actually, like children playing--even though they were adults as far as age, if not mentally. ~~I avoid could~~ I could have avoided them if, upon crossing their trail, I would have gone directly downhill. But because I was tired, I risked going on their trail one or two hundred yards so I could go down an easier way; and this is how I ran into them... Damn! Fortunately, they did not stop to talk. It was such a good day that even this

JULY 18

incident did not ruin it. Nevertheless, I don't think I'll hunt on the other side of Stemple Pass Road this winter anymore. Even though the country on the mountain top is wonderful, to go there you have to cross Stemple Pass Road and too much land full of **logging roads** where stupid people go, like those who drive the machines over the snow. ~~This morning~~

This morning was cold (zero) and very quiet, and when I went out to get fir needles and do a few other minor chores it was so nice that I spent a good deal of time just standing around listening to the silence and looking at the early morning light over the saddle by Baldy. Today is a happy day. As the major part of lunch I had the livers and kidneys of those rabbits —

JULY 19

always a treat – and a couple of the heads. With a little fir needle tea (one spoon sugar) and a can of applesauce this made a very good lunch – also I boiled dried herbs and roots with the rabbit parts to make an excellent soup.

Jan 4. Another beautiful, silent morning today. Silence is golden. Thus far this winter we've been having more snow than in the past couple of winters; skies mostly cloudy.

Jan. 9. Today I weighed one of the rabbits I killed Jan. 1 by the crude method of balancing it against a can of cranberry sauce, 1 lb. net wght. Naturally the rabbit was all skinned and cleaned and so forth. They exactly balanced. As I suppose the

[SEE ORIGINAL DRAWING]

JULY 20

light bones of the rabbit might about equal the weight of the tin can, I figure roughly a pound of meat on a fully mature rabbit of typical size. Of course the rabbit might weigh slightly more when weighed fresh, since the meat loses moisture through drying; but I don't think this rabbit dried too much — it was frozen most of the time. Also, this neglects the weight of brain, tongue, internal organs, abdominal wall, etc., as all these parts are separated from the carcass when the rabbits are cleaned. At a guess, I'd put the weight of all these odds and ends from the 5 rabbits I killed at another pound, or 1/5 lb. per rabbit. So I suppose we might figure around 1 1/5 lb. of edible tissue for a fully mature Lepus Americanus. The

JULY 21

younger, smaller rabbits that I've killed so many of around here I suppose might be about ⅔ of that – some time I may weigh one to find out.

I forgot to mention the following. Last year when I set some steel traps for rabbits, I once found 2 toes in a trap. A rabbit had evidently been caught but had broken away leaving behind a couple of toes. During this last December, I think it was, I shot a rabbit in the same general area that lacked two toes from a hind foot. So I finally got that rabbit a year after it had the misfortune to encounter my trap. I don't suppose the lack of 2 toes caused it a great ~~del~~ deal of inconvenience.

Jan. 11. Last summer I dried some wild strawberries. I've already started to

JULY 22

eat them and they have an excellent flavor.

Jan. 14. My marmot-skin, fingerless gloves served me well last winter and have served me well this winter so far. The skins are strong and withstand friction better than I thought; although they have had to be repaired a few times, generally at the seams. But I have observed that tanning with smoke does not make them withstand the continuous wetting and drying. In the beginning, when the gloves got wet, they would dry and remain almost as flexible as before they were wet. But I would wet them almost every time I used them and they slowly began to turn stiff as they dried, until now, after — having gotten wet and having dried maybe a hundred times, they ~~become~~ have become so stiff when they dry that I have to soften them

JULY 23

manually before I put them on.
I am afraid they may crack.
I will have to smoke them
again someday, but it is
inconvenient in the winter.

The ides of January: This morning
there was a snow and wind storm.
At daybreak I was surprised that
the thermometer said 0° since I
did not feel very cold inside the
cabin. Generally, it is cold inside
the cabin when the temperature is 0°
or less outside--especially if
it is as windy as it was this morning.
I suspect that the temperature dropped
very rapidly a little before daybreak.
Contrary to the norm, the temperature
kept dropping after daybreak ~~because,~~
after being outdoors

JULY 24

for three or four hours (chopping firewood and doing other things) I saw that the thermometer read eight degrees below zero.

Jan. 17. Yesterday I hunted on top of the hills ~~bac~~ behind Baldy. Walking on snowshoes was tremendously difficult because of the deep and soft snow. Nevertheless, I killed three hares. The smallest one had the typical size of the small young hares I kill (see pages **July** 14, **July** 15, **July** 21 in this notebook). I weighed it by ~~balancing~~ measuring it against the weight of a **cranberry sauce** can, as before (see page **July** 19). It weighed approximately .93 lb. Adding 20% for of the internal organs, the heads and other fragments, I suppose that a hare this size provides around

JULY 25

1 1/10 pounds of meat. ~~I thought the difference was~~ I would have thought the difference between these small hares and the bigger ones I killed ~~Jan 2~~ January 2 would have been bigger. Maybe the difference would have been bigger if I had weighed this hare after hanging it a few days, so that it would ~~dry~~ have dried. Also, it is possible that the **cranberry sauce** cans don't all have exactly the same weight. But we can certainly say that the hares (even the small ones) provide a little over one pound of meat, including the internal organs.

Jan. 21. Several weeks ago my Aunt [redacted] sent me a copy of the

b6
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JULY 26

newspaper "El Sol de Arizona"...
[redacted] "The Arizona Sun"] a newspaper printed in Spanish. In his column, "Mis Apuntes de la Semana", [redacted] "My Weekly Notes"] Julio Mancillas writes, "Another sacred animal was the silver bear and the eagle, symbol of freedom and power, so much so that the Apaches always sought its feathers to decorate their heads." This sentence is not very clear, but evidently what Mr. Mancillas wants to say is that the eagle was a symbol of a free life for the Apaches. Some years back I mentioned in my notes a case in which a Berber nomad used the eagle as a symbol of a free life. And of course this symbolism is very familiar to us. Apparently several nations react to the eagle in the same way.

b6
b7C

JULY 27

Jan. 28. Two or three years ago when I went BY WASHINGTON CREEK SAW CABIN BELONGING TO BAD PEOPLE. (THEY HAD BRAND NEW PICKUP, SLICK-LOOKING FIXINGS INSIDE CABIN.) SIX STEEL TRAPS HANGING OUTSIDE CABIN, BUT NOT CONVENIENT FOR ME TO TAKE THEM at the time. So this summer, I think in July, I went to GET THE TRAPS. HAD GOOD TRIP. BROUGHT SIX DAYS RATIONS.

JULY 28

GOT TRAPS, BROKE INTO CABIN AND GOT ANOTHER DAY'S RATIONS. FARTHER AWAY, BELOW THE CREEK, THERE WAS A DREDGE AND BULLDOZER MINING OPERATION THAT RUINED THE CREEK AND IT MADE NOISE THAT COULD BE HEARD FAR AWAY HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN.

JULY 29

I SPENT A DAY GOING DOWN AND
DAMAGING THEIR MACHINES. FOUND
THEY WERE WORKING at the time and
only one MACHINE STANDING AT A
DISTANCE SO I COULD DAMAGE IT.
SLASHED TIRES, SLASHED EXPENSIVE
HOSE, DAMAGED SMALL ENGINE ON
IT. FRUSTRATED AT NOT BEING
ABLE TO HURT MINERS MORE, I
DID MINOR DAMAGE TO TWO
CABINS, on the way back to

JULY 30

camp. About two YEARS BEFORE, WHEN I WENT THIS WAY I FOUND A JERK TEARING UP THE MOUNTAIN WITH A CAT ON SOME SILLY DREAM OF FINDING GOLD (IT SEEMS MINING LAWS PERMIT THIS). I LATER DAMAGED HIS TRACTOR AS MUCH AS I COULD. THIS TIME WHEN I PASSED

JULY 31

BY THERE, NO SIGN OF FURTHER WORK HAVING BEEN DONE. SEEMS MY VANDALISM ENDED HIS VANDALISM. ON WAY HOME PASSED THRU MCCLELLAN WHERE SOME JERKS HAVE BEEN PLAYING MINER, TEARING UP CREEK IN SICKENING WAY. THEY ALSO DUG PROSPECT HOLDS ON RIDGE. I TOOK AN IMPORTANT LOOKING PART (GENERATOR) OFF ENGINE OF THEIR CAT AND BURIED IT IN BOTTOM OF ANOTHER CREEK, WHERE IT WILL RUST AWAY.

Jan. 31. This winter, while hunting in the

AUGUST 1

long hill which extends towards the south from the first peak to the east of Baldy, I have seen many colored ribbons on trees. I think that this means that they will do logging there, which will ruin the area. That's my favorite area, easily reachable from my cabin without staying in the woods overnight. Besides, it is the best area to hunt for hares on this side of Stemple Pass Road. Damage to this area will make it more difficult for me to get enough meat during winter.

Feb. 4. This morning my thermometer read 21 degrees below zero, so this means that the actual temperature was probably 23 degrees below zero.

AUGUST 2

I've only known one colder morning here--the morning last winter when it was 30 degrees (or more) below zero. I took a short hike up on the hill, and then I spent almost three hours chopping firewood. This morning was very beautiful, with the cold, the sunlight, the blue sky, and the pure and white snow.

Feb. 5. This morning it was a little colder than yesterday; the thermometer read 22° below zero, which indicates an actual temperature of perhaps 24° below zero. I was outdoors for a little over an hour. I went to the top of the hill north of my cabin, taking my thermometer with me to measure the temperature. I was surprised that it was less cold there than at the cabin. The thermometer read 12° degrees below

AUGUST 3

zero. A disappointment. But it's another beautiful and very pleasant morning.

Feb 5. EARLY SEPTEMBER I SNEAKED UP ON CABINS AT ROCHESTER G. AT LOWER CABIN I SAW TWO PARKED MOTORCYCLES. FROM THIS AND CERTAIN OTHER EVIDENCE AND I NOW BELIEVE IT IS PEOPLE OF LOWER CABIN WHO ARE MAIN MOTORCYCLE CULPRITS

AUGUST 4

OF THAT AREA. I CAME BACK AT NIGHT, TORE OFF SOME ROOFING, BROKE WINDOW, SLASHED UP COUCH, BED, CURTAINS, CLOTHING, TOOK BOX OF TOOLS (M)YBE HUNDRED BUCKS WORTH) BURIED THEM UNDER LOG IN WOODS. ON WAY BACK TO CAMP I FELT SO GOOD. BEAUTIFUL FULL MOON. SOME JERK PLACED MINING WAHAD

AUGUST 5

UP AT SOURCE OF ROCHESTER, AREA
LITTERED UP. I WRECKED A WHEEL
BARROW IT WAS THERE.

Feb. 7. Yesterday 10° at dawn, fresh snow, went up on ridge to hunt. Got 4 rabbits, all of them pretty far out, away from home. Two of them I found sitting together, about 8 ft. apart. I think this is only the second time I have ever found 2 rabbits in sight of one another. When I shot first of the 2 rabbits it kicked, though not as violently as they usually do; but the other rabbit gave no sign of noticing anything unusual, and I shot it, too. Beautiful sunshiney day. Some of my hunting was on steep slopes in very open woods in an area where I haven't hunted rabbits before. The 4th rabbit was the one I got

AUGUST 6

closest to home – in the steep thicket by the big rock outcrop low down in the gulch that runs down from next peak east of Baldy. Then I had to climb up onto the ridge from that area in order to go home – an exhausting task, as it is [s/o] very difficult to get up that slope on snowshoes in winter. When I got up on top of the ridge I lay down in the snow to rest. I could see a large bird sitting in a dead tree on the next ridge over. By and by it took off and began soaring upward in circles on an updraft. It looked so large that it may have been an eagle rather than a hawk – but it's hard to tell at such a distance. I watched, absorbed, as the bird circled higher and higher. It was an entrancing sight. After a while the spell was broken by the noise of a jet plane. But

AUGUST 7

still it was a very good day. There has been a good deal of cold weather this winter. Thermometer read 8° below this morning.

Feb. 9. The cold continues. This morning the thermometer read 15° below zero. But I rather like the cold. Things have been quiet lately and life is joyous. It seems I am more sensitive than ever to the attractions of such things as sunlight, open spaces, silence, wind, snow, and even just the interior of the cabin, which after all is my own construction and is part of my way of life here.

Feb. 11 Yesterday morning the thermometer read 0°. It went up to about 25° in the afternoon, but at daybreak today it read 2° below zero. The elk are in the meadows of Baldy almost every morning

AUGUST 8

eating grass. Today I saw the elk digging in the snow to reach the grass. My hare-fur-lined

jacket is still in good condition and is serving me well during this cold weather. Since February

3, the thermometer at dawn has read: -10°, -21°, -22°, +10°, +10°, -8°, -15°, 0° -2 degrees. ~~A weather more~~ A longer than usual cold spell, but nothing too exceptional, aside from the -21° and -22° temperatures which were the lowest ones I've recorded here besides the -29 1/2° (-31 1/2°) last winter.

Feb. 12. I RECENTLY WROTE IN A LETTER TO MY BROTHER THAT THE INHIBITIONS THAT HAVE BEEN TRAINED INTO ME ARE

AUGUST 9

TOO STRONG TO PERMIT ME EVER TO COMMIT A SERIOUS CRIME. THIS MAY SURPRISE READER CONSIDERING SOME THINGS REPORTED IN THESE NOTES, BUT MOTIVE IS CLEAR. I WANT TO AVOID ANY POSSIBLE SUSPICION ON MY BROTHERS PART.

Feb. 14. Yesterday I hunted here in Florence Gulch. I found a hare and I hit it with an arrow from maybe a six feet distance. The

AUGUST 10

arrow penetrated the hare where I aimed it--through the body a little behind the shoulders. Nevertheless, the hare ran. I followed its tracks from one place to another in the thicket for several hours but I could not get the hare. After a while I came so close to the hare that I could see it several times; but it could still run surprisingly well in spite of the arrow which was still in its body. Once I could have killed it with my rifle but I tried to find an opportunity for the bow and arrow and the hare ran again. I finally lost its tracks and I could not find them again ~~althou~~ even though I looked for them for a long time. ~~I looke~~ The search was very difficult because the temperature

AUGUST 11

had gone up so much that the snow got sticky and it was therefore almost impossible to walk in snowshoes. I took them off and walked without them; but this was also very difficult since I had to go through heavy snow up to my knees. Finally I tired myself out and had to drop the matter. But I cannot understand where the hare could have gone or how the tracks could have disappeared. This morning I went to see if I could find the hare but since the snow was still sticky, and I was still tired from yesterday, and since I did not see any tracks, I soon dropped it. It is quite amazing for the hare to be able to run that well and for such a long time with such an injury. I assume that the arrow went

AUGUST 12

through its body a little too low to hit its spine and a little high to hit its lungs. This is the first time that I have lost an injured hare. I am very sorry about this. I love hares. It was a very bad day for me. I suppose it was a very bad day for the hare as well.

Feb. 21. Temperatures have been too ~~too~~ high since February 14--35 or 45°. It's very bad for me because it is very difficult to use snowshoes and instead of snowing, it rains, so I can't even hunt and it is even unpleasant to go for a hike.

Feb. 22. Temp. down to 26° (at last!), rain changed to snow. Snowshoeing tough

AUGUST 13

because 2 or 3 inches of new snow lay on top of a thin crust under which was soft, melty snow. Snowshoes kept breaking through crust. Excellent hunting conditions in other respects. Went up on the beautiful ridges and got 3 rabbits, in about 5½ hours hunting. Some clouds, but plenty of sun. Very pleasant outside.

For perhaps three years my parents have customarily given me 500 dollars as a gift every Christmas and every birthday. This is 1,000 dollars a year. I am a little ashamed of accepting this. Actually, a life of poverty offers more satisfaction than a life based on money. It was more satisfying to hunt and gather roots, berries, and herbs, and make clothes, etc., during the three years when I had very little money (sometimes

AUGUST 14

less than twenty-five dollars) than now when the money I have is much more than what would be enough for my physical needs, and hunting etc., is good savings but not an absolute necessity. Actually, I would tell my parents to shove their money up their ass, if it were not that I want this money for two purposes. And these purposes are not related to the luxuries that can be bought with money, since I still carry as spartan a life as before. One of the purposes is to provide something in case I get ill. For example, I have a little rheumatism. It is minor and it is no problem now, but -- in five or ten years? Maybe I'll turn into

AUGUST 15

a cripple. Well, life would not be worth much to me if I were not healthy enough to be physically active and it would be more consistent with my opinions and my attitude towards life if I went without this security and accepted an early death if it were to come to me. But I have another motive (considerably more important) for accepting this money. **AND THIS IS THAT MY PROJECTS FOR REVENGE ON THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY ARE EXPENSIVE AND I NEED MONEY TO CARRY THEM OUT.**

AUGUST 16

FOR INSTANCE, LAST FALL I ATTEMPTED A BOMBING AND SPENT NEARLY THREE HUNDRED BUCKS JUST FOR TRAVEL EXPENSES, MOTEL, CLOTHING FOR DISGUISE, ETC. ASIDE FROM COST OF MATERIALS FOR BOMB. AND THEN THE THING FAILED TO EXPLODE.

AUGUST 17

DAMN. THIS WAS THE FIREBOMB FOUND IN U. OF UTAH BUSINESS SCHOOL OUTSIDE DOOR OF ROOM CONTAINING SOME COMPUTER STUFF.

March 6. A few days ago I went to get watercress. Since I had not had fresh vegetables for three and a half months, at least, I really liked the watercress. It was sunny yesterday afternoon and the temperature was higher than 32°. I went to the slope north of the cabin where the snow had disappeared in many parts and the ground was defrosted. I found one single wild onion, which I also liked a lot. Spring is almost here and soon there will be many wild onions. ~~Since~~ It has not been cold for

AUGUST 18

some weeks. Also, there is not much snow; so I can't hunt hares and I have not had any meat for a few days. But today I took a hike on the slopes of southwest Baldy, facing south, where ~~are~~ most ~~the majority~~ of the snow is gone; there I startled a group of three or four blue partridges that stopped in nearby trees. I killed two with my "twenty-two." They were females. After plucking them, I went further and had a good hike. As always, the mountains looked very beautiful to me although the sky was overcast.

March 9. It was sunny yesterday and I took another hike on the slopes that are free of snow. But

AUGUST 19

there are still small, snow-covered areas on these slopes and the snow was very hard because it defrosted and froze again. When I crossed one of these areas on a steep slope, I lost my footing and I began to slip downhill. The area with snow ended at maybe sixty or seventy feet below me and then there were trees. Sixty or seventy feet is not much; although, after slipping over that hard snow for a distance of sixty feet, on that steep slope, one can go very quickly. Since I did not want to risk a broken bone

AUGUST 20

by crashing against a tree, I tried to stop myself by sticking ~~the butt~~ the butt of my rifle into the snow. Actually, I got it in the snow but because I was not able to control my movement over the snow well, I fell against the rifle so that the barrel of the rife hit my throat, just below my **Adam's apple.** It hurt! It hurt for the rest of the day, but today it doesn't hurt much. Fortunately, there was a small area of dry ground, without snow, at about 12 or 15 feet below the spot where I began to slip and at ~~at~~ about ~~fiv~~ five feet to the left of my path. I was able to roll so I managed to change my path to

AUGUST 21

reach the area of dry ground, where I stopped easily. In spite of this mishap, I came back home refreshed and happy about my hike; as usual with these early spring hikes.

March 10. Snowfall not long before dawn. Melty and sloppy down here, and snow is now compacted enough so one can do without snowshoes, so I went hunting without them. Got 3 rabbits, 2 high up on the ridge S. of cabin and one in the gulch that runs S. from [s/o] next peak E. of Baldy. Was out about 5 hours. Beautiful windy, sunshiney day. A good day. I enjoyed it. So far this winter I've gotten 35 rabbits, 33 with rifle, 2 with bow. All shots perfect with rifle — no

AUGUST 22

bad shots. But there was that bad shot with the bow Feb. 14. Damn it.

March 14. This morning I went uphill, for pleasure and exercise. At the top I found the tracks of a blue partridge; I followed them and a short time later I found the bird in a tree and I killed it. It was a large male and I therefore have a good supply of meat, since I killed another hare the day before yesterday. Also, I got some wild onions, but very few, since it is early and the ground is still frozen. When I got home and began to carry out several chores outdoors, and while I did this, I saw a weasel that came to get pieces of hare entrails I had thrown in my vegetable garden as fertilizer. Seeing the weasel gave me great pleasure. ~~I haven't~~

AUGUST 23

~~seen~~ It has been a long time since I have seen a weasel. I saw it several times when it came back to get more pieces of entrails. It ran up close a couple times, within ten or twelve feet, to look at me with curiosity. The energy and cleverness of the weasel always impressed me. But I would like her to be called el comadrejo [redacted] a distortion of the word for "weasel" in Spanish], because he looks masculine to me, not feminine. [redacted] In Spanish, "weasel" carries a feminine article; i.e., "la comadreja."] (Of course, I do not know if ~~the particular animal I saw today was male or female~~ the specific animal I saw today was male or female.)

b6
b7C

March 15: Last night I had a dream about a weasel and a squirrel. When the weasel tried to catch the squirrel, there was a brief struggle after which the squirrel dropped on the weasel's head

AUGUST 24

and the weasel ran from one place to another with the squirrel on its head, while the squirrel screeched and moaned in distress. Then it seemed to me that the weasel had the squirrel by its front paw; and a short time later the weasel killed the squirrel to eat it. It would be difficult to say if my sympathy was more with the squirrel or with the weasel.

- -

I saw yesterday's weasel again today, when she came to get more pieces of hare entrails.

March 18. Winter is showing that its strength is still not exhausted. The thermometer read 14° this morning, not too cold, but it snowed a lot today; and it has been snowing for some days, with temperatures

AUGUST 25

lower than 32°. It looks like I ~~mus~~ have to wait a while before getting wild onions or dandelions.

I killed three hares yesterday. So far, I have killed 39 hares this winter.

March 29. Went to hunt on hillside SW of nearest watercress place. Trailed and shot one rabbit, fairly easy. (This makes 42 rabbits this winter.) Felt like walking further. Found myself not far from the middle (i.e. not the nearest and not the farthest) watercress spring, so I went there, and found the watercress there growing lushly this year. Of course I picked some. It seemed evident that this watercress had been grazed by some animal. I found a porcupine hair amongst the water-cress and porcupine tracks in the

AUGUST 26

snow nearby. Probably this porcupine had been varying its diet of pine bark with watercress. I ~~trai~~ followed its trail a short distance and located it in a ponderosa tree, then shot it through the head. A medium-sized female porcupine. You may be sure that I worked up a good sweat dragging all this loot home through the snow and over the hills. On way home I was surprized [sic] to find another porcupine trail not too far from where I shot the rabbit. But one porcupine at a time is enough, so I didn't follow it. [s/o] The meat is now all cleaned and hanging up so I had a good productive day, which puts me in a good mood. As I have so far been able to get only small amounts of wild onions, I

AUGUST 27

was getting anxious for some variety of diet, so this watercress and porcupine meat will be good for a change. Weather has mostly been chilly, cloudy, and somewhat snowy lately.

March 30. Sunny this morning, for a change. What with my productive day yesterday, it made me feel so good. Cloudy again now, though. No matter. Had excellent lunch of Liver, watercress, bread, and have more good eating to look forward to.

April 2. My meat grinder had a washer of a hard substance similar to cardboard, which served as a "bearing." This washer began to break down and small fragments of it would go into the meat. I therefore made a washer out of wood to replace it.

AUGUST 28

I used the **maple** from the Rocky Mountains. I will be happy if the new washer lasts longer than the old one. I have not ground any large quantity of meat with this grinder; I do not use it often. It does not seem as if one can buy anything that lasts long; it is better to make things oneself, when possible.

Due to carrying a very heavy knapsack too often, I suffer from a problem at the base of my neck. When I carried the knapsack for several hours, I suffered from a pain where the muscles are connected to the bone at the base of the neck. The ailment came easier each time until now I suffer from the pain every time I walk for two hours carrying a rifle or a heavy jacket.

AUGUST 29

It was getting to be a very serious problem, but I think I've solved it now. [SEE ORIGINAL FIGURE.] If you tie a rope around the shoulders, as shown in the drawing, the tension from the muscles is relieved, so I can walk for several hours without the pain, except for a little bit sometimes. Unfortunately, since the rope has to be tight, it tends to stop the blood circulation and sometimes it causes pain where it crosses the collar bone. I therefore made a strap out of an old rag and a buckle out of steel pieces I cut from an old shovel I found

b6
b7C

sitio del dolor = location of the pain

AUGUST 30

a long time ago. Since I have not received any training and I have had little experience in blacksmithing, I am glad that the buckle came out rather well; although it doesn't work as smoothly as I would like; but I think it would work more smoothly with a better strap. Apparently this strap prevents the collar bone pain but it does not help much with the circulation problem. To counter this, I am making a short-sleeved shirt which will have pads where the strap goes under the arms. I hope this will help the problem greatly. Of course, as much as I use straps, etc., it won't be as if I don't have a problem; the strap will

AUGUST 31

always be unpleasant. I am now middle-aged and I cannot expect the health I had when I was young.

April 3. I went to the top of the hill, mainly for the exercise. But I found a hare's track, followed it and found it very quickly. But I spent two cartridges to kill it. It was one of those unexplainable cases where the shot appears to be very easy and, nevertheless, the bullet does not go where it is aimed. Well, this does not worry me much since I have been shooting well for almost a year. I have killed 43 hares this winter, two with arrow and 41 with rifle. I have spent 42 cartridges to kill these 41. Since I took a bad shot at a marmot last June, I

SEPTEMBER 1

have killed 5 blue partridges, 3 ruff partridges, 2 porcupines and one squirrel, in addition to the hares, which means I killed 51 animals without a bad shot. Even with the bad shots I took last spring, my shooting record is good; that is, better than 90%.

April 5. Snow, snow, snow — so, since a few small batches of onions I got some days ago, I haven't been getting any wild onions. My dried herbs ran out maybe 3 weeks ago, and I'm almost out of canned fruit. So today I went again to get watercress — same place as last time. Evidently more than one porcupine is fond of watercress, for I found porcupine tracks by the spring again. Trailed the animal to a nearby tree. Had to climb a neighboring tree to get

SEPTEMBER 2

a clear shot at it. While dragging the porcupine home I found a rabbit track across my trail that I ~~had~~ didn't remember seeing on the way out. So I concluded it must be quite fresh, and after perhaps ½ hour hunting I got the rabbit. It seems that at this time of year with shorter nights and longer days it's not uncommon for rabbits to remain active in the early morning. So again I had a very productive day and am in a good mood about it. Ground porcupine meat certainly is good eating.

April 8. The thermometer read 4 degrees at daybreak. I think this is the coldest I've seen it here this time of year.

(Written later:) This morning, after chopping some firewood, I took a very pleasant short ~~hik~~ hike. I found

SEPTEMBER 3

~~bush out of which the branches~~ a bush whose branch tips had been eaten by animals--by elk and stags, no doubt. Curious, I took a shoot and crushed it a little with my fingers. ~~I put me~~ I put it to my nose to smell it, continuing to mash it with my fingers. It had a wonderful smell, like cherries, or actually like candy flavored with cherries (**cherry-flavored candy**). When ~~taking~~ I took my fingers away from my nose, there was blood on them! It alarmed me; I was afraid I had a nosebleed. But when I investigated I discovered my nose was fine and that actually the "blood" was a sticky liquid as red as arterial blood found in the ends of shoots. I think that this

SEPTEMBER 4

bush would be a "choke cherry" (**choke cherry**) but I am not absolutely sure, since it is more difficult to recognize bushes when they have no leaves.

April 10. Today I saw the first robin of the year.

April 22. I have killed 45 hares this winter, two with arrows and 43 with rifle; I spent 44 cartridges. I do not think I will kill any more hares this year. I think spring has finally arrived. The snow is disappearing rapidly.

April 26. Do you remember how Jesus was led to the countryside and fasted for forty days? Then, when he was very hungry, the devil came to him and told him--If you are the son of God, have these rocks turn into bread.--But Jesus resisted the

SEPTEMBER 5

temptation. Then the devil placed him at the top of the temple and told him -- If you are the son of God, throw yourself down. -- Since angels were watching over him and they would hold him up. But Jesus resisted again. Then the devil took him to a high mountain and showed him the kingdoms of the world and told him that he would give them to him if he fell to the ground and worshipped him. But Jesus said -- Go away, Satan. -- And this was the end of the story according to good, simple Matthew. But it was not. The devil was clever and came back to Jesus and again said -- If you ~~will accept~~ accept shame and dishonor, lashings, a thorn crown and death on the cross, you will save the human race because no man has more love than this; to sacrifice his life for his friends. Jesus fell.

SEPTEMBER 6

The devil laughed until his sides hurt because he knew how much evil men would do in the name of their saviour... I could only speculate that, looking upon the cruel wars which Christianity has produced, the persecutions, the torments that Christians have inflicted on other Christians, the harshness, hypocrisy, intolerance, the devil must think of the story with satisfaction. And upon remembering that Christianity has imposed on men the bitter burden of the concept of sin which has clouded the beauty of the starry night and shed a threatening shadow over the transitory pleasures of a world that should be enjoyed, he has to laugh while whispering--give the devil his due. -- (**W. Somerset**

SEPTEMBER 7

Maugham
~~Maughm~~, The Razor's Edge, Chapter Five, section (iv).) Maugham, The Razor's Edge, Chapter Five, section (iv).) Maugham also includes some nonsense about a so-called "passion for self- sacrifice." I suspect this to be a peculiarity of Maugham's himself. I do not think that most men have such a passion, unless it is a very weak one.

It is interesting to ask oneself: Were the above bad by-products of Christianity? Or was the character of Christianity the product of cultural impulses that would have made any religion a source of the above-mentioned bad guys?

April 30. In reference to what I wrote in this notebook around April 2: The pads attached to the shirt did not turn out well. I have therefore made thick tubes of soft fabric that fit under

SEPTEMBER 8

my arms and through which the
strap passes. These make the
strap more comfortable, but do
not completely avoid the problem
of stopping the blood circulation.

**From the Romance of Tristan y Iseult
as told by Joseph Bédier, translated
by Hilaire Belloc and Paul Rosenfeld,
Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y.;
p.26: "hope in the heart of
men lives on lean pasture."
p.141: "Tristan said: 'For two years
I dwelt in a forest, eating nothing
save roots and herbs and venison;
yet I found it a good life...'."**

From Horacio Quiroga, "Anaconda", in
Cuentos, [ ] Stories] Editores Mexicanos Unidos, b6
México, 1980, p. 188: The cobra says: b7C
"--Listen to me!--she said suddenly--,
I am tired of men, dogs,

SEPTEMBER 9

horses and all this hell of stupidity and cruelty! You can understand me, because those ... I have been locked up in a cage for a year and a half as if I were a rat, mistreated, tortured periodically. And what is worse, rejected, handled like a rag by vile men... I, who am brave, strong and venomous enough to finish off all of them, am sentenced to deliver my venom for the preparation of antivenom serum! Can you not imagine what this means to my pride! Do you understand me?

May 25. The older I get, the more disgust I feel for the human race.

May 31. **Balsam root** leaves (Balsamorhiza sagittata) are said to

SEPTEMBER 10

be edible. I had not tried them before because this plant has a strong smell, and also, I had tried the roots and they were bad. But yesterday I tried the leaves and although they were very bitter, they were very tender and not bad to eat raw. But I would not want to eat too many of them at one time, because of their bitterness.

June 19. "Love only comes to us when reason, the guardian of the spirit, falls asleep." -- Javier de Viana, Leña Seca, [TN: Dry Firewood] "Facundo Imperial", I.

July 7. A month before his death, Napoleon Bonaparte said: "I am glad I have no religion. It is a great consolation. I have no imaginary fears, no fear of the future."

At another time Napoleon said: "Men who do not believe in [s/o] God —

SEPTEMBER 11

one does not govern them, one shoots them.* The context in which this quote was is given indicates that he was referring here to the utility of religion as a tool for controlling the masses. See The Napoleonic Revolution, by Robert B. Holtman, Lippencott, New York, 1967, p. 121.

July 25. Well, I finally took the trip to Black Mountain that I had planned for a long time, and which I tried unsuccessfully two or three years ago. I did it in nine days*; I would have been able to do it in eight days if I had wanted to. I traveled light, taking a blanket and rolled coat cloth (**shelter-cloth**), rifle, hand axe, a light pot to boil water, and dry food that

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*I mean, I slept nine days in the woods.

SEPTEMBER 12

did not have to be cooked; and a sweater and a **sweatshirt** ~~to~~ that I wore at night. I had to bring all of these things in a peculiar way I devised to avoid the pain I get at the base of my neck when I carry a load on my shoulders; this ~~has avoided that pain~~ did, in fact, prevent the pain, but it had other disadvantages. It was very uncomfortable to bring my bundles until I had eaten part of my provisions (which made my load lighter) and I had managed to arrange them more comfortably. I first went to my camp on the open, dry slope that faces McClellan Stream. Since the weather seemed to be good when I was going to bed, I did not set up my shelter cloth. It rained during the night; I had to get up,

SEPTEMBER 13

make a fire, and set up my cloth; and I got wet nevertheless. The weather still looked bad in the morning; I was discouraged because of this and because of the difficulty in bringing my bundles and so I went to my most secret camp in the stream that flows from the west in McClellan. When it rains this camp is much better than the other one. The following day, since the day seemed much better and I had found it possible to carry my bundles with less difficulty than before, I felt encouraged and went to my high camp above McClellan. The next day I went to a stream without a name which originates from the high sierra near Nevada Mountain. I finally began to feel strong, my bundles were

SEPTEMBER 14

now less heavy, so I could carry them without much difficulty. I went a long distance and camped out immediately under a glacial "**cirque**," a very beautiful place that I saw on my first attempt to go to the black mountain. Unfortunately, some stupid people had marked the trees with an axe along this beautiful stream. One tree had a notice of a mining claim; and there [s/o] were fresh horse tracks along the stream. The following day I rested. The following day I went to the black mountain; very high, 8338 feet. Also, I went to the dead man's creek valley [sic]. [s/o] The tributary of the stream that originates at the glacial "**cirque**" under the black mountain towards the east.

SEPTEMBER 15

This land is extremely beautiful and most of it is far from the roads; but unfortunately [there is] a very rough road which runs on top of the sierra from the north almost to nevada mountain; [redacted] SEE NOTE BELOW] and, of course, "four-wheel drive" vehicles have come by there because they have left their garbage --cans, etc. Also, beyond this road is a Forest Service trail which goes up to the black mountain and beyond it, and this trail had motorcycle tracks. I therefore returned to my camp both discouraged by these signs of invasion by civilization and inspired by the beauty of the land. It should be noted that there is maybe more wild land there

b6
b7C

[redacted] Here and in other places in the text, the writer sometimes writes place names without initial capitals. In addition, at times, he also appears to translate English names into Spanish. In such cases, when the names are back-translated into English, they may appear inexact. For example, earlier the author refers to "the dead man's creek valley." The actual geographical name might be a slightly different version of that. This note applies to other names including, "the black mountain," "nevada mountain" and "Willow Creek."

SEPTEMBER 16

than in any other area reachable by
foot from my cabin without crossing
road number two hundred; but the jet
planes went by almost non-stop while
I was near the black mountain. Today
I did not bring any water with me;
the day turned out to be hot and I
was almost dying of thirst when I
arrived at my camp. The following
day I went to my high camp on McClellan.
It turned out to be hotter than the
day before, and even though I had
with me approximately half a canteen
(or a "quart") of water, I still
suffered from more thirst and
tiredness than the day before, so
I rested two days; and then I came
back home. When I reached
the area in Fields stream where

SEPTEMBER 17

the trees have been cut, I found almost ripe **huckleberries**, and strawberries, and **red twinberries**, and almost ripe **soapberries** and I had myself a feast. The **red twinberries** were especially plentiful and I ate them until I feared I would get sick. I arrived home at dusk.

Aug. 3. The following is taken from "Revolution and reaction, 1848-1852" by Geoffrey Bruun, Anvil Books, Van Nostrand, Princeton, N.J., 1958; p. 36. ... when a society becomes industrialized it becomes more closely integrated and interdependent. A population still living on the land — on farms — can survive political dislocations better, because each village and hamlet is largely self-sufficient. pp. 86-87. Even the freedom-loving Mazzini... was an unwitting herald of totalitarianism.

SEPTEMBER 18

Nationalists wanted their country powerful and unified; socialists wanted their government strong and paternal; merchants and industrialists wanted the currency, tolls, transport systems, postage rates, weights and measures more consistent and uniform; the machines, to achieve their full potentialities for mass production, needed standardized formulas, standardized products, and standardized markets. All these influences, tending to promote political centralization, social control, and economic regimentation, might be detected in the pressures and programs of 1848-1852... The trend toward political, economic, and social integration, which was to produce such momentous experiments at regimentation in the ~~20th~~ twentieth century, first announced itself clearly, first indicated prophetically the sources of its

SEPTEMBER 19

strength, in the middle of the 19th century. Those sources were to be nationalism, industrialism, and socialism. [Remark: ultimately, the sole source is industrialism, or rather technology, since nationalism and socialism apparently were products of social changes caused by the industrial revolution.] p. 86. The socialists, in demanding that the State take over the responsibility of abolishing poverty and providing work for all, prepared the way for the monolithic, centralized, totalitarian societies of the twentieth century. Unlimited responsibility, to be exercised effectively, must be sustained by unlimited authority.

"Then, as now, the desire for power was disguised by the conviction of uprightness; probably in the

SEPTEMBER 20

the same confusion of motives in individuals." -- George C. Vaillant, La civilización Azteca, [redacted] The Aztec Civilization], Spanish version of **Aztecs of Mexico**, translated by Samuel Vasconcelos and Margarita Montero, Fondo de Cultura Económica, México, 1980, page 65. b6 b7C

"Craftsmanship allows the creative impulse to be exercised, offering satisfaction to the individual by his mastery over raw materials. In our modern mechanized era, most people suffer from a lack of opportunity to create, since almost everything we use comes to us machine-made; and not even the skilled mechanic feels that his creativity and skill alone have produced a useful and attractive object"...

"[Among the Aztecs] a prosperous man had a well-built house,

SEPTEMBER 21

meticulously made and decorated clothing, carefully finished utensils and instruments and well-kept and productive fields, while a loser had a small and poor landholding. Nevertheless, barring natural disasters, the differences were mainly due to the capacity of men and their families to produce, with their own hands, the symbols of their wealth, or to exchange specialized products for goods of equivalent quality made by others. The businessman and the broker held an insignificant place in activities of production and distribution." Ibid, page 119.

November 15. In the first half of October, feeling nervous and tired due to problems and ~~anxi~~ anxiety related to my

SEPTEMBER 22

root cellar, and other worries too, I gathered only my few most essential things and I left for my favorite place: the stream that flows into the McClellan Stream ~~fro~~ from the west. I had to take my things in my blanket, which I wrapped around my waist, and in some small bundles I tied to my belt, because I did not want to suffer my neck [ailment] when my shoulders hold up a load for some time. Since I did not ~~ha~~ have too much to carry, it was not difficult.

When I got to my old camp in that place, I began to feel the tranquility of the forest. I did not care that the forest was cold and wet, with an inch of snow on the ground.

Since I was very hungry for meat, the following day I went looking for small game with my twenty-two rifle. As always, I enjoyed the wild beauty of

SEPTEMBER 23

that area; but the dynamite blasts
from the workers of a big company
that ~~are looking~~ is looking for oil
by seismic methods made me uncomfortable.
Near the top of the hill, north of the
stream, I found fresh hare tracks.
I followed the tracks for one or two
hours, but the hare was too skittish
and although I saw it two or three
times, I could not find a chance to
shoot before losing the tracks. I
therefore felt a bit discouraged;
but while I was going downhill towards
the camp, I happened to run into a
blue partridge that flew and landed
on a Douglas fir. Since the bird
appeared nervous and ready to fly away,
I did not dare get near it and risked
a shot from afar instead; and having fired
very carefully,

SEPTEMBER 24

I hit it and killed it. Having done this, I felt very happy and returned to camp gladly.

The following day I headed south, walking along the old mine trench that goes across the slope of the mountain on top of McClellan, very high. The morning was very beautiful and I was very happy; but when I was going back towards the north along the high part of the mountain, I had to put up with the loud noise from the logging machinery in the Arroyo de Sauces (**Willow Creek**) valley. And I returned to my camp without being able to get more meat. However, a little before nightfall, going from my camp to the creek to get water, I accidentaly startled a fir partridge that flew and landed on a tree. I

SEPTEMBER 25

hurried to get my rifle from camp and killed it. When I went to pick up the bird (a female), I startled another fir partridge (a male). It was not easy to find a good angle to shoot, but I did and killed the bird. Afterwards, I walked a little bit downstream to enjoy the wonderful and dark beauty of the place, as well as to see if there were other partridges. (There weren't any but I didn't care.) I wish I could express the wonderful mystery of that stream.

The following day I hiked uphill on the hillside opposite the camp. Luckily I was able to kill a blue partridge. I picked a few wild onions too. Nevertheless, after returning to camp, I decided to go back home because once in a while I could hear the noise from

SEPTEMBER 26

machines in the Willow Creek valley -- the sound was not loud but weak -- but, nevertheless, it seemed like an evil dark cloud in the horizon that ~~threaten~~ threatened that beautiful, isolated place. And the threat was too real: I don't know when the Forest Service may decide to ~~cud~~ cut the trees there.

In spite of my brief visit over there, I got home refreshed and relaxed and happy, bringing with me three birds to eat with my vegetables from my vegetable garden ~~(the first partridge~~ (I had already eaten the the first partridge in my camp.) That place is somewhat sacred to me because it has not been touched much by the hands of man. When I am there for a couple of days, I always get partridges. It is the only place

SEPTEMBER 27

I know where the blue partridges are still tame enough so that when you find them, you can generally get a chance to kill them with a twenty-two. I think sport hunters don't go into the area often.

November 19. Shortly after getting home, after getting the partridges as mentioned above, I went to pick watercress; ~~pic~~ I picked a large amount to dry it for winter. And shortly afterwards, it snowed a little so I was able to kill two hares not far from my cabin. Since then I have killed another five hares.

Although I have not finished my cellar, I have finished it enough to be able to transfer my vegetables to it. All together I planted 80 sugar beets; the

SEPTEMBER 28

amount of potatoes needed to fill a five-gallon bucket 1-3/4 times (but I had eaten almost half of these amounts of potatoes and beets before putting them in the cellar); and, aside from some parsnips that I had eaten before, I picked ~~alm~~ almost 600 parsnips to store in my cellar. These amounts of parsnips and beets don't include the very small and damaged ones I set aside to eat right away.

So with my vegetables, dried rhubarb, assorted dried herbs, etc., to supplement my store-bought food (flour, rice, oats, corn flour, kidney beans and lima beans, dried milk, sugar, oil, about twelve or fifteen cans of tomatoes, and enough canned fruit to be able to eat a

SEPTEMBER 29

can every other day), I will eat well this winter, ~~given~~ as long as I can get enough wild game. I have enjoyed many delicious meals with wild game, vegetables, etc.

Last summer there was a large quantity of vacciniaceae. I went to pick them several times; the two main times I got two **gallons** each time; four **gallons** all together. Each time, I ate one fresh **gallon** and dried the other **gallon**; so now I have these delicious berries to eat this coming winter. I spent a whole day picking two **gallons** the second time; on my way home at dusk, I ran into a small porcupine. It ran away and climbed a tree. Although there was not enough light for me to see

SEPTEMBER 30

my rifle sight well, I risked a shot because I was very hungry for meat. Because of the darkness, I missed. Damn! This upset me a lot.

November 27. I would like to note that some of my parsnips are really huge. When I killed a couple of porcupines last winter, I buried their entrails in my vegetable garden; and in the ~~places~~ two places where I buried them, the parsnips got to be enormous. Until now, my vegetables are keeping well in my cellar, without rotting, or drying, or sprouting. I still eat them with great enjoyment.

November 29. I forgot to mention that one day this fall, [s/o] when I went hunting behind the hill ~~south~~ north of the cabin and I killed 3 hares, I heard the screams of the wild geese

OCTOBER 1

that were flying south. I looked up and saw a great number of them; the sun was still low in the east and its rays met the geese in such a way that they looked silver. It was an extremely beautiful sight. They were not flying in a simple V formation, but in a more complex formation; something similar to:

b6
b7C

[ ] SEE ORIGINAL FIGURE]

Next day, later on, I heard the noise of a small plane and at the same time I saw a group of geese flying northwest. I asked myself why they were not flying south; but a short time later they again returned south; apparently they were frightened by the plane.

December 1. November 28 I took a hike on the hill north of the cabin. On this pleasant hike I ran into the tracks of

OCTOBER 2

two porcupines; I don't
think they were the tracks of a
single porcupine, since the one
appeared to be the track of a young
and small porcupine while the other
one appeared to be the track of a
bigger porcupine. I followed the
track of the bigger one for a short
distance and found the animal sleeping
in a Douglas fir. I didn't have my
rifle but I returned in the afternoon
with my twenty-two. I found the porcupine
still asleep in the same position and
I killed it with one shot to the head.
It was not very big, but not at all small.
The next day I went to the top of the
hill south of the cabin, just to enjoy
the outdoors. But there was a thin
layer of fresh snow on top of the old
snow, and I happened to find the tracks
of a hare; I killed it. So now I have

OCTOBER 3

plenty of meat. Also, I noticed the fresh tracks of another porcupine. I think the porcupine population is recovering--very good news for me. So I am eating very well; the livers were ambrosia; and today, for example, I had a very delicious meal that consisted of cooked, ground meat with a potato and parsnips from my vegetable garden and dried herbs; and dried vaccinaceae dessert, boiled in water, with two [s/o] tablespoons of sugar. I feel sorry for the townspeople because they have to eat garbage instead of good food like mine.

December 9. The day before yesterday I went on top of the mountain to hunt hares and killed two, even though conditions were not good, since the snow had falled the day before and not during the night. I did it in

OCTOBER 4

spite of the conditions because my meat supplies were low and my diet is poor without meat. Well, it was cold (probably below zero, but I don't know for sure because my thermometer is in my cellar so I can watch the temperature there). When I tried to kill the first hare and I pulled the trigger, the cartridge did not explode, and I had to try it again. When I tried to kill the second hare, the cartridge failed again. I had to try four [s/o] cartridges before finding [s/o] one that exploded. You could see that the dent the **firing pin** made in the back part of the cartridges was not too deep. I assumed ice had formed inside the mechanism preventing it from working properly. This had happened to me before when it was very cold. But this

OCTOBER 5

time I did not manage to make the mechanism work well by moving the **firing pin** manually, as I [s/o] had before. When the mechanism was warm, it worked correctly. When it was cold again, [s/o] it worked poorly again. I finally [s/o] discovered the cause: I had put some very viscous oil on the mechanism. Apparently when it is so cold, this oil turned so viscous that it prevented the mechanism from working well. That is why I have disarmed the mechanism, cleaned it, and replaced the viscous oil with the light oil generally used for firearms.

December 22. Yesterday I went hare hunting. While I crossed the open area where the trees have been cut, before going up the hill south of the cabin, I found the tracks of a small porcupine,

OCTOBER 6

I followed it and I found the animal sleeping in a yellow pine (ponderosa). I left it and climbed the hill. I discovered that the snow conditions were not as good for hunting as I had assumed, and also, the snow was so wet and sticky that it would have been very uncomfortable to walk with snowshoes. Nevertheless, I found a hare in a thicket on the north slope of the hill, I followed it, and killed it, although it was not easy to do. Before being able to kill the animal, I was almost completely drenched from the snow on the branches of bushes. I therefore returned home right away and on the my way I killed the porcupine. Unfortunately, when I removed its entrails, I found that its liver was so full of parasite cysts that I did not want to eat it; I threw it out.

OCTOBER 7

A disappointment because for me the liver is the best part of the animal. Even though all porcupines have worms in their intestines, this is the first time I have found parasite cysts in a porcupine.

Jan. 1, 1983. Late last summer, it looked like some bad organism had invaded the jar where I kept the **"starter"** I used to make sourdough bread. ~~The flour and the water that were fermenting in the jar~~ The flour and water mixture fermenting in the jar acquired an orange coating and developed an unpleasant odor. I threw it out and replaced it with a new mix. This also went bad. I waited a long while; then I boiled the jar in water and made another attempt with the sterilized jar. The same thing happened. I gave up

OCTOBER 8

then since it appeared my whole cabin was contaminated with the bad spores. About two weeks ago I bought a packet of yeast at the store; I thought that maybe this yeast would be stronger than the bad organism; even though my sourdough yeast hadn't been. And it was so: I am again eating bread made with yeast instead of **"baking powder."** It tastes the same as the store-bought bread. It is very good but not as good as the sourdough bread. The **"baking powder"** bread is good to eat once in a while, but it is an inferior bread for everyday eating. And I am afraid that **"baking powder"** [s/o] may not be good for your health if you eat too much of it.

OCTOBER 9

Jan. 4. Last August I spent a few days camping out to the east of here. As I came up to the spring in what I call Diagonal Gulch, [s/o] there was a flock of ravens there and I watched 2 of them for a while, though I didn't quite understand what they were doing. After a while I went and walked right by a tree where one was sitting, and it didn't move. I sat down and watched it at close range, with no branches or anything in the way to obscure the view, as it sat there talking to itself in its strange language, as birds will do. In my experience it is quite unusual for ravens to be so tame, so I was very glad to have this opportunity of watching them at close range. I was probably only 15 or 20 feet from that one raven. Most of the time I was out,

OCTOBER 10

~~I spent~~ I camped in my usual spot in the ravine off Diagonal Gulch; a beautiful place of gentle breezes an tall pines. At first I was disappointed in not having any owls serenade me there as they have often done in the past; but finally one night I did hear an owl close by and another farther off. One night I heard a strange wail, not undulating like a coyote howl, but steady, with little change in pitch, only rising a little, gradually, then dropping a little at the end of the call. I have no idea what could have been making that sound. I am pretty sure it could ~~not~~ not have been a howling dog.

January 15. My potato supplies are almost gone, aside from the ones I keep to plant in the spring.

OCTOBER 11

Today I ate almost the last ones. I still have enough potatoes for one lunch; I will save them until I get some meat, since today I ate my last piece of it. It has not snowed recently, so I have not been able to hunt hares easily. I still have plenty of parsnips and several sugar beets.

January 20. Since there is still no fresh snow, I have not been able to hunt hares. Since ~~this~~ last fall I have killed 21 hares, 19 with the rifle, the others I caught with traps. Well, yesterday I happened to find fresh signs of a squirrel's activities, even a burrow. I set traps to catch the animal. This afternoon I found the [s/o] squirrel; it had caught itself in the trap not only by one hind leg

OCTOBER 12

[s/o] but also by the neck in another trap, [s/o] which of course killed it so it did not suffer much. I therefore have a little bit of meat. I caught the squirrel at the mouth of the burrow.

January 23, 1983. It finally snowed a little. However, conditions were not suitable for hunting, since the snow fell at inconvenient times; in spite of this I went hunting on top of the mountain, since I needed meat. Due to skill and ~~especially due to good luck,~~ particularly due to good luck, I managed to kill 3 hares, which made me very happy. On the other hand, when I killed the first hare, I missed my first shot, and consequently lost the cartridge. I therefore had to use four cartridges all together to kill the three hares. But this did not upset me at all because my

OCTOBER 13

shooting record for hares is so good that I need not worry if I miss a shot once in a while from long distances. Generally, I miss only one shot every winter hunting hares. This winter so far I have killed 24 hares, of which I caught two with a trap and killed 22 with the rifle, using 23 cartridges.

February 12. It did not snow for a long time, so I could not get meat. It snowed the 7th and 9th of February, but not during the night, so hunting conditions weren't good and I only caught one hare. (The 7th of February I went to my cabin which is on a ravine that ends up at **"Diagonal Gulch."** I hunted February 8th and caught a hare. I got back home

OCTOBER 14

February 9th and, on my way, a snow storm started. But it stopped before nighttime and since I was tired the next day, I didn't not want to hunt as there was not much chance of success.) Last night a type of "chinook" wind began, and this morning the new snow was soft and sticky. It would have been almost impossible to use snowshoes. But I thought it might be possible to hunt because when the snow melts slowly, it is really easy to distinguish the new tracks from the old ones. So I climbed the hill but did not bring my snowshoes. While I climbed the mountain, I found three blue partridges. Had my luck been better, I would have been able to find a chance

OCTOBER 15

to kill two of them, but this did not happen. Frustration. Nevertheless, on top of the mountain, I got to track and kill two hares. Also, on my way back, I found a squirrel caught in a trap I had set [s/o] next to its burrow. So today was a good day for me. [s/o]

Valentine's Day. Today I went ~~over the~~ on the top of the mountain to exercise, not expecting to find a chance to hunt. But while I was walking across a narrow and long hill that goes down from Baldy, a partridge that flew off a tree I was passing startled me. I didn't have a chance to try to kill it; but a

OCTOBER 16

little bit ahead I saw another blue partridge (a female) that sat very still on a fallen trunk under a tree. I didn't find it hard to get into a good position to shoot and I killed it. Even though ~~a few times~~ you rarely see a blue partridge in early winter, during most winters these birds begin to be seen in February during good weather; but not always. It is difficult to predict when they will be seen, until spring. [s/o] When spring arrives, they are seen most days during good weather.

February 15. I have been eating like a prince whenever I have meat. For example, the day before yesterday my lunch consisted of a stew with squirrel, hare, parsnips, a sugar beet,

OCTOBER 17

and several dried herbs and roots.
A taste not to be surpassed! Yesterday
for lunch I had soup made of hare,
internal organs of a partridge, parsnips,
and dried herbs and roots, which was as
good as the stew the day before, even
though ~~conta~~ it contained no sugar beets,
since I ran out of them.

Feb. 16. Just had the best rabbit
hunting day I've ever had. I got
seven, no less, killed with 7 perfect
shots. All but one killed in my favorite
rabbit-hunting ground--the west slope
of the ridge that runs down southerly
from the first peak east of Baldy.
Half an inch or so of snow fell
about the middle of the night. When
I got up just after dawn it was
snowing again, so I almost decided

OCTOBER 18

not to hunt, since the morning snow threatened to cover the tracks made during the night; but then it stopped snowing before too much had fallen, so I went out. Conditions were excellent. The last 2 rabbits I got were sitting only 20 or 30 feet apart, and there were fresh tracks leading from one to the other. Perhaps they'd been mating; the mating season is on, since the males' balls are fully enlarged. These rabbits all had a good deal of fat on them*; one had so much fat around the kidneys that I think it was very likely the fattest rabbit I've ever killed. All of these rabbits were fairly good-sized — none small. The scraps and internal organs — not

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* For rabbits, I mean. Of course they're not to be compared with porcupines.

OCTOBER 19

counting brains, tongues, and other head parts--nearly filled 2 pint jars. A good day.

March 4. "The higher our station, the less is our freedom of action" -- speech attributed to Julius Caesar by Sallust, Conspiracy of Catiline.

March 8. Today I picked the first wild onions of the year. I will enjoy eating them with my meal this afternoon.

March 9. Today I ate the first bitter roots (bitterroot) of this year. I got it at the summit of Baldy.

March 10. Today I ~~caught~~ caught another squirrel with a steel trap. During the winter that is now ending, I have killed 35 hares all together, 33 with the rifle (which

OCTOBER 20

cost me 34 cartridges) and two with the trap. I do not think I can kill any more hares this year (unless the weather changes [s/o] a lot) because spring has already arrived; great sections of the ground are free of snow. There has been very little snow or rain for a long time, and there probably won't snow enough now to hunt hares. But--who knows? In this region it is not possible to predict the weather.

Later on: I caught another squirrel in the same place--two in one day. They must suffer a lot when they are caught this way --unless I find them before they have been in the trap for a long time. I regret making these beautiful and innocent animals suffer, but I am very

OCTOBER 21

hungry for meat. It looks like the best place to set the trap is where there is a great accumulation of flakes from the pine cones the squirrels eat. There are generally burrows in these places; I set the traps next to them.

March 14. Today I caught another squirrel with a trap in the same place. I have been eating a lot of wild onions.

March 15. I caught yet another squirrel in the same place.

This morning a helicopter showed up over this ravine and kept flying from one side to the other nearby, making a great deal of noise. When I went to investigate, I found a "pick-up" truck stopped on the Humbug Contour Road. There was no one with the truck, but

OCTOBER 22

I saw a man's footprints in a little bit of snow that was still on the ground. Even though there was not enough snow to follow the tracks, the prints nevertheless showed me in an indefinite way the direction the man had taken. I found him and asked him in a friendly way, "What's going on?" He told me they were hunting elk ~~to put~~ with tranquilizing darts to put radio collars on them so that the Fish and Game Department could record the movement of the elk. Of course, I don't like this.

March 17. Last night [s/o] there was a small earthquake. First there was a light jolt, then others even lighter ones; so that

OCTOBER 23

the cabin was rocked gently, like a crib, for a few seconds. Nevertheless, it gave me a strange feeling.

March 19. I caught another squirrel in the same area. All together I have caught seven squirrels this winter; all ~~of~~ with steel traps. The weather has turned very cold. This morning there was a thin layer of snow on the ground. I went up the ravine to hunt for hares. There were too many ~~prin~~ prints; it looks like the snow fell during the early part of the night. Nevertheless, I was lucky enough to find a hare. It was sitting between the rocks above the narrow part of the ravine, south of it. I killed it. This pleases me very much, since it has been almost

OCTOBER 24

[redacted]
two weeks since I've had meat,
except for four squirrels I caught,
as I have mentioned in these notes.

March 22. "The cobbler of old is called the shoe's entertainer; the wineskin maker, a wine tailor because he makes outfits for it to wear; the mule boy, gentleman of the road; the tavern-keeper, accountant. The executioner is called a member of justice, and the constable, servant; the cheat, shrewd; the innkeeper, guest; the tavern, an abbey; a brothel, a house; whores, ladies; madames, "dueñas"; cuckolds, honorable men." -- Francisco de Quevedo, El Mundo por de dentro, [redacted] The World from the Inside] quoted by R. Cossio del Pomar, Aventuras y desventuras de Francisco de Quevedo, [redacted] Adventures and Misadventures of Francisco de Quevedo] Editores Mexicanos Unidos, México, 1973, page 136. It is also like that in modern society; and things go beyond the use of misleading names. ~~Hipocrisy and~~

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b7C

OCTOBER 25

The deceptions and myths of modern society make the hypocrisies quoted by Quevedo seem ~~naive~~ naive.

March 24. The last time I was in Helena, I bought a pair of shoes for $1.50 at a "thrift store." I tried them recently and discovered them to be almost useless on slopes, at least when the grass and ground cover are frozen because the soles were so slippery that it was impossible to walk on the slopes without falling. I have therefore taken the soles from an old pair of rubber shoes and have ~~stuck~~ attached them over the soles of the "new" shoes with staples I made from wire. I still do not know if ~~it'll turn out well~~ the shoes fixed this way will work out well because I haven't tried them.

March 25. This morning I went to the top of the hill to the south. Yesterday shortly before

OCTOBER 26

dusk it snowed a lot, so that the ground was covered [s/o] with an [s/o] inch or more of snow. I therefore went hunting. While I was going up the hill I found the tracks of a partridge and I followed them. When I reached the top of the hill, I saw that the tracks ended under a Douglas fir. Concluding that the bird was probably there, [s/o] I went around the tree until [s/o] I found it. But ~~it had sat~~ it was sitting in such a way that I had to climb another tree to find an adequate chance for shooting; then I killed it. It was a big male blue partridge.

March 28. This morning there was a thin layer of snow, which fell yesterday just after nightfall. I went up the hill to hunt. ~~Shortly below the summit~~

OCTOBER 27

~~Shortly below the~~ Just before reaching the summit, I found the prints of a blue partridge. I followed the tracks and found the bird sitting on a very small tree; but it appeared difficult to find an opportunity to shoot without [s/o] disturbing the foliage. I therefore made a mistake: I tried to find a good angle so I could [s/o] shoot from a place almost exactly under the partridge. It got scared and flew away. Later on, thinking about this, I concluded that I probably would have been able to find another angle, good enough for a shot, some other way, ~~another way~~ without having to get close to the partridge. Well, it didn't matter much, since later on I found something better than a partridge: a porcupine. [s/o] I found the tracks in my favorite hare-hunting area; I followed them and found the animal very quickly

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and I killed it with my rifle. It was not very big; I speculate it could have about two and a half pounds of meat, including the internal organs.

March 30. Just had a most delicious meal of wild onions (raw); Ground porcupine meat, parsnips, and dandelions (all boiled together), and 2 spoons of sugar for dessert.

April 5: For about a week, more or less, I've been listening to a male ruff partridge make its drumming noise by beating its wings against a rotted tree trunk. I have only heard it once in a while, and only at night--until this morning. This morning the bird began the drumming before dawn and continued later also. I took my rifle and went looking for it, following the

OCTOBER 29

sound. Sometimes I had to crawl, (I mean, on my hands and knees) so the partridge wouldn't see me. This was not very pleasant, since there was still some snow on the ground, and the dry grass was covered with a little ice and my pants have holes in the knees. The partridge was not in any of the places where I have heard partridges flap before. It was a somewhat farther from my cabin. Nevertheless, I finally found it without startling it and fortunately I found an angle to shoot from without having any small branches in the way, and I killed it. I'm always glad to kill a ruff partridge because they are [s/o] generally very difficult to hunt, since they are almost all quite skittish. When you hunt them by following the sound ~~make~~ made by the males when they beat

OCTOBER 30

their wings against a fallen trunk, you need to drag yourself or crawl to prevent the bird from ~~see~~ seeing you; and it is not easy to do. After the bird sees man, it generally flies away and cannot be found again.

April 7. Yesterday the weather was beautiful, blue sky; temperature 20 degrees at daybreak. I went to the top of the mountain early, for pleasure and to hunt partridges. On a slope south of Baldy, where I have often found partridges, I ~~stood~~ stopped once in a while to listen and I very soon heard a blue partridge growl. The sound was very weak at first because the partridge was not close; but I was able to find it nevertheless; it was grunting in a tree. It was very difficult to find an adequate chance

OCTOBER 31

to shoot, because the small branches were in the way and the partridge continued to move often. But I finally got a good enough chance, [s/o] and I fired. The bird did not fall right away, instead it jumped from one branch to another, then it tried to fly but could not and fell to the ground. It was a big male and, I discovered later, it had a lot of fat. After plucking the bird, I went further because the morning was so beautiful. I picked some **waterleaf** on a hillside--the first ~~shoots~~ sprouts that were beginning to show. On another hillside, on a beautiful open forest, I picked wild onions. I started back home but discovered I had forgotten the stag horn I use to dig roots, and I had to return to look for it. I found it and I started for home again.

NOVEMBER 1

Almost at the bottom of a dry ravine, I startled a blue partridge that had been on the ground behind a tree. It flew off and landed on a tree. I found it but, no matter how much I tried, I couldn't find an adequate angle to shoot from; the little branches were in the way everywhere. I finally climbed a tree but I still could not find an opportunity to shoot, and while I was getting down, the bird flew away and I could not find it again. Well, you can't always win. But I am sorry for the waste of time. I spent too much time looking for my horn and trying to get the second partridge; I had a late dinner and no lunch.

April 14. This morning the weather was very good, clear skies, the temperature was 20 degrees. I went up the hill to hunt for

NOVEMBER 2

partridges. When I was going on top of the hill towards Baldy, I heard the large-flute-like sound they make; I think the females make it. I crossed the ravine that goes down towards Humbug Countour Road and Stemple Pass Road, because it seemed the sound had come from the trees scattered on the other side of the ravine. At first I didn't hear anything else, but after a while I heard a blue male partridge growl; although this sound was very weak; I followed it and soon after I saw the bird, which was walking on the ground. I followed it; it flew off and landed on a tree; I got near and with little difficulty killed the bird with my rifle. I discovered later that it had a great deal of fat. After plucking the partridge, I went further and picked some **waterleaf**, and a few

NOVEMBER 3

wild onions on a sun-lit hill; then I turned back north and going up Baldy, got a moderate amount of Lomatium and bitterroot to make a soup with partridge meat tomorrow. This morning [s/o] it was very quiet and pleasant; but now, in the afternoon, many jet planes are going by.

My bowels have been behaving very well for a long time; except that, twice during the last three or four weeks, I have had diarrhea, of the same kind I usually had before, when I had bowel problems. I don't know why. I wish it would not happen to me again.

I'm transcribing some notes I made during a recent excursion here:

NOVEMBER 4

April 24. Yesterday I started an excursion; I went to my cabin near what I call "the slanting gulch" (**Diagonal Gulch**). On the way, I killed a blue female partridge, on top of the hill south of the cabin [s/o]--I mean the cabin where I usually live. For dinner I had soup made of internal organs, rice, and several herbs I got on the slope above the spring. April 25. I have eaten three good soups ~~mad~~ made from partridge meat, rice, and fresh herbs. In this area there are plenty of edible herbs in certain treeless slopes exposed to the sun. When I started this excursion, the weather was good. But yesterday it rained a lot and towards nightfall the weather turned very cold,

NOVEMBER 5

and this morning there was a little snow on the ground. I have not brought enough clothes. Damn! Bad luck. Yesterday I cut firewood with the handsaw I brought; one of the reasons for this excursion was to cut a bunch of firewood and leave it in the cabin for when I wish to stop here. Another reason was to relax and enjoy the beauty of this land. But it is not easy to do it without enough clothes when it is cold and raining. When I am not very active, I wrap myself in blankets to keep my body heat. As a consequence, I sleep a lot. Nevertheless, I like being here. Near the spring I saw something I do not like: someone has cut 2 or 3 fallen trunks with a chainsaw.

April 26. Last night it snowed more. This morning there was about an inch

NOVEMBER 6

of snow on the ground. I went uphill to hunt for hares. I found some prints almost hidden by the snow that had fallen since daybreak. (I had slept two or three hours after daybreak.) When I began to follow them, it started snowing again, so I stopped trying to follow the tracks, assuming they would soon be completely hidden. Going down the hillside on the other side of the gulch, I went too far down and I had to go up through the gulch to reach my cabin. I then found another hare's tracks. It was also almost hidden by the new snow, but when I followed for a short time, I soon found the hare hidden under a fallen trunk. I killed it

NOVEMBER 7

easily. Most of the hair had turned brown but the animal still had some white on the sides and head. April 28. Yesterday, to carry out another purpose for this excursion, I took a long hike; I went up the hillside, [s/o] crossed the mountain, and went down the other hillside to reach an old abandoned mine. There I found what I was looking for: a short piece of pipe for my stove. A section of the pipe I had in this cabin has corroded to the point of uselessness. It was possible to use the stove with the other section of the pipe, but it was not good because that one just reached the roof level. Although the "new" piece of pipe is moudly and ~~damag~~ damaged, it will do for now. Everyday I have raw and cooked herbs in a good soup with meat

NOVEMBER 8

and rice. It is still cold. This morning I went hare hunting since it snowed last night. There were too many tracks but I was lucky and was able to kill a hare. Then I cut firewood. Now I am about to eat. It is quiet here; there is peace here. The soft sound of the wind in the pines increases the feeling of peace. On my way back to the cabin after killing the hare, in an open scattered Douglas ~~found~~ fir forest I found some herbs where the sun had melted the snow. I ate them raw.
April 29. The way I got that hare yesterday was as follows. I found the fresh tracks isolated from those of any other rabbits and followed them around for awhile until the tracks showed that the rabbit had heard me coming and had run. The tracks led into

NOVEMBER 9

an area criss-crossed with many fresh rabbit tracks. However, as the ~~trae~~ tracks I was following were now brand-new fresh, I was able to distinguish them, though not easily, from the other tracks. I followed them and they led me in a circle. When I found that the rabbit was circling I decided to see if I could bamboozle him — so I back-tracked, going around the circle in the opposite direction. Sure enough, there was the bunny sitting right out in the open. Had a nice clean shot at him.
^This rabbit was still mostly white.

The notes I made during the excursion end here. Now I will tell what happened afterwards. The 29th of April the sky was clear and the weather was pleasant, and I moved my camp from the cabin to the next gluch to the west of the one where

NOVEMBER 10

the cabin is. I left a good pile of firewood in the cabin. After setting up my cover and making a bed of branches to protect myself from the wet floor, I ate and went to rest on the treeless hillside above the camp. (This hillshide provided me with plenty [s/o] of herbs.) The view from this hillside is extremely beautiful. I enjoyed being there very much. After resting for a while, I walked barefoot very quietly, from one side of the hill to the other and [in] the forest that borders it. I really like to walk slowly and silently through the wilderness. The following day (April 30) I went up the mountain at daybreak. I felt very happy and energetic. I walked on top of the mountain towards the east and then I went along a foothill that

NOVEMBER 11

extends towards the south. It was a magical morning; I was very sensitive to the silence, the beauty, and to the mystery of the wilderness. I was very happy. I found many blue partridges on this foothill. I killed two. To kill one of them, I had to crawl ~~by~~ very carefully to find a chance to shoot. I had heard it growl and I followed the noise crawling. Later on, a helicopter disturbed the peace and quiet and I turned back to my camp. On the way, I stopped to dig some Lomatium roots. I got some big ones. I got back to camp tired. By the way, this camp is on a beautiful ravine, with a beautiful, clear water stream. Up higher, the ravine is narrow and the slope is steep; further below,

NOVEMBER 12

the stream is dry (or now it is dry) and the ravine is narrow there too and not very accessible so it does not invite whoever goes by Diagonal Gulch to go up there. But where I made my camp the ravine is wider, with a very flat bottom, perhaps 100 feet wide at its widest. There are big trees here. On the other hand, it is very cold at night there. The cold air flows down the ravine. I'll continue to tell what I did April 30: When the sun was setting towards the west, I went down to Diagonal Gulch and then up the ravine to the spring to get drinking water, without boiling it. I discovered that someone had made a path along Diagonal Gulch, cutting the

NOVEMBER 13

~~trees~~ fallen trunks with a chainsaw. Several trunks and logs that were not in the way for a man on foot or on horseback had been cut. So I think the path has ~~done~~ been made so motorcycles can drive through Diagonal Gulch. Of course, this upset me very much so I decided to return home the following day. Later on I felt better and decided to stay in my camp if the weather was better the following day, and return home if it was bad. The following morning I felt very good in spite of what I had seen the previous afternoon and I wanted to stay in my camp. But the sky was so cloudy that I thought it would no doubt rain a lot. I would have had

NOVEMBER 14

to spend most of the day wrapped in my blankets under ~~me~~ my shelter and I did not want to, because I felt like being active and I had a lot to do at home. So I returned home ~~but I regretted it~~ but I later regretted it greatly because it actually did not rain! I wanted to enjoy that beautiful place more and I lost the chance to do it.

May 9. Fragments of ancient Irish poetry, quoted by Nora Chadwick, The Celts, Penguin Books, 1919, pp 257-259:
The little bird:
Has blown his whistle
From the point of his bright yellow beak:
He sends a song
Over Loth Laig
A Blackbird on a branch in the well-wooded plain.

NOVEMBER 15

Nimble is the yellow bee from cup to cup,
He makes a great journey in the sun;
Boldly he flits into the wide plain,
Then safely joins his brethren in the
hive.

What I like best is this from the
song of the hermit Marban to his
brother Guaire, King of Connaught:

I have a shieling in the wood,
None knows it save my God:
An ash-tree on the higher side, a
hazel bush beyond,
A huge old tree encompasses it...

Swarms of bees and chafers, little
musicians of the wood,
A gentle chorus:
Wild geese and ducks, shortly before
summer's end,
The music of the dark torrent...

NOVEMBER 16

The voice of the wind against the
branchy wood
Upon the deep-blue sky:
Falls of the river, the note of the
swan,
Delicious music...

In the eyes of Christ, the ever-young,
I am no worse off than thou art.

Guaire's reply:
I would give my glorious kingship...
To be in thy company, my Marban.

Don Quijote, Chapter XI: Don Quijote says to Sancho Panza:
... 'Sancho... [I want you to]... eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry which is said of love, that it makes all things equal.'

NOVEMBER 17

'I give you a great many thanks, Sir,' said Sancho; 'but let me tell your worship that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And, further, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without complications or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty.' [redacted] See Note below.]

May 9. When I woke up this morning I discovered almost nine or ten inches of snow on the ground. It is still snowing--very wet and heavy snow. Such snow usually knocks down many trees

b6
b7C

[redacted] This is a literary translation from Don Quixote, Miguel de Cervantes, translated by Charles Jarvis in 1742, ed. by E.C. Riley, published by Oxford University Press, 1992.]

NOVEMBER 18

because it sticks to the branches
and many trees cannot take the weight.
This morning I saw a [s/o] big fir that
had [s/o] been knocked down by the snow.
I hope the big pine near the cabin does
not fall and crush it!

May 10. Yesterday the snow continued
throughout the whole day and it was
still snowing at nightfall. But apparently
it did not snow a lot during the night.
Today it snowed a little but not too much.
On flat places there seems to be about 18
inches of snow--and dense snow. Many
trees have been knocked down. But the
snow has one advantage: it makes it
possible to hunt hares. It is not
possible to use snowshoes since the snow
is so wet and sticky, but ~~I hunted~~ I
hunted near the cabin and I was able
to kill a

NOVEMBER 19

hare. I spent maybe an hour at it, and when I got [s/o] the hare I was so wet that I returned home and I did not try to find another hare. The hare was brown.

May 11. Due to the thick layer of snow that covers the ground, I cannot find the herbs that I ordinarily use. Therefore, I turned to alder buds and the blackberry leaves, since they are higher than the snow level and so I can get them. The alder buds are better eating now than during the winter; they begin to open up a little. ~~And~~ And the very young blackberry leaves make a good salad, the ones that have not finished opening up; the ones that have are not as good.

NOVEMBER 20

I vaguely remember having read in a book that certain Indians ate the young leaves of some species of Ribes. I am not too sure about this, but I risked eating them nevertheless. They have not made me sick; ~~so that~~ so, they are probably edible.

May 12. A few days ago I discovered that the sugar beets I left in the ground last fall to produce seeds this summer are dead and rotten. This surprises me because last fall these beets seemed to have endured the cold very well. After the harsh frosts that would freeze the leaves, the plants would recover very well and begin to grow again. It is a disappointment. I do not understand how

NOVEMBER 21

the sugar beets produce seeds if they don't usually survive the winter. Last summer they did not seem inclined to produce stalks or flowers. Maybe they need long summers to produce seeds.

May 20. The day before yesterday and yesterday I had to go to Lincoln; I bought certain luxuries: two dozen eggs, three small cans of fish, and one can of beef stew. Yesterday I made myself a very nice meal which consisted of three eggs, corn flour, and chopped herbs--all these things mixed and cooked together to make a type of bread. [s/o] This morning I went to find out if the **camas** was ready to be dug. It was not and I therefore went further ahead and picked a bunch of

NOVEMBER 22

nettles, of which I am going to eat some today and dry the rest to eat them in the winter. And, good luck! While I was returning home, I found a blue female partridge and I was able to kill it. I later picked some more herbs and returned home. This partridge had a lot of fat and--something unusual--the fat was white. It is the first time I have ever seen this. Generally the fat of partridges is yellow, even though that of mammals is white. Of course,

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I am not going to eat this partridge until the day after tomorrow, when my eggs run out.

May 22, 1983. My birthday. I'm now 41, alas. Previously I have only eaten white-aster leaves well along in the summer. But just recently I've

NOVEMBER 23

tried the young sprouts, and find that they make a very ~~apetizing~~ appetizing salad, just picked and eaten right where they grow. At this time of year I also eat dandelions, sweet cicely and other herbs that way. When my meal is ready, I just step outside and eat my salad right from the plants where they grow, then come back in and eat the rest of the meal.

May 24. Yesterday I got up at daybreak and went up the wilderness trail, without a definite goal, to enjoy the beauty of the morning. I was very sensitive to the beauty of the forest, the singing of the birds, etc. I crossed the Humbug Contour road and followed the road that leads to the first spring where there is watercress, partly because I felt like going in that direction, and partly

NOVEMBER 24

because I assumed it would be possible to hear a ruff partridge flapping, since I have seen ruff partridges in that ravine once in a while. And, in fact, I did hear a ruff partridge, although further below the area I assumed I could hear one. I took an hour or longer to find the bird and kill it. As usual, I had to drag myself along the ground to find a chance to shoot. After I had seen the bird and while I was carefully approaching it, this happened: The bird jumped from the trunk where it was beating its wings, and came towards me, stopping to pick at things here and there. Since it was coming very close to me, I tried to set myself and my rifle so

NOVEMBER 25

I could kill it, moving extremely slowly, of course. But, either because my presence made it nervous, or for another reason, the bird moved away again and very quickly returned to its trunk and began flapping again. So, it looks like the male ruff partridges tend to have a bite occasionally while they beat their wings on a trunk. Shortly after, I killed the bird. I felt very happy, and even more when, on my way home, I discovered that the **camas** was already showing its blue flower buds, which allowed me to distinguish it from the death **camas**. I stopped to dig 1/4 **pint** of the roots (I mean, 1/4 **pint** after they were cleaned); and with **camas**, 3 bitterroots,

NOVEMBER 26

plenty of various herbs, blue partridge meat, and about 1/8 cup of rice, I made myself a good soup for lunch. With a raw greens salad, it was a good lunch.

May 25. Have been having warm, sunny weather with few clouds for the last few days. It's like heaven after the long winter and the chilly spring that we've had until now. Day before yesterday, shortly before nightfall, I went to my mailbox and found a package of food that my stupid mother had sent me. Although the almonds and the dried fruits that she sent me would have been useful, the package upset me very much because I have begged her repeatedly--a thousand times!--not to send me any packages without first getting my permission. Of course, she promises it, and soon after

NOVEMBER 27

sends me packages again without asking me if I want them. This frustrates me more and more, and since I have (for certain reasons) little capacity to tolerate the frustration, I felt very bad and angry all day yesterday. I have had this problem with packages I don't want for ten years or longer, and no matter how much I beg her not to send them to me, and no matter how much she promises, she always does it again. Yesterday I went to Lincoln to send her her stupid package.

But this morning I felt good again. I went to gather **camas**. I got more than 1/2 pint; I took maybe 2 or 2 1/2 hours to do it. I had a really good soup with **camas**, four bitter roots, various herbs,

NOVEMBER 28

and ruff partridge meat; all these foods were wild.

May 30. Evidently there is a pair of hawks of some relatively small species nesting in the woods south of the cabin; they make a mild fuss when I go in there. A humming-bird has been hanging around here lately. Just now as I sat in my doorway it came hovering around me, for no apparent motive other than curiosity. It came very close — at one point it was within 3 or 4 inches of my knee, so I got a good look at it. How beautiful! Like a perfect little gem.

May 31. Q. Who said "The pen is mightier than the sword"?
A. Lord Lytton, otherwise known as Edward Bulwer-Lytton. So much of

NOVEMBER 29

what is said is meant to justify the sayer, isn't it? If Lord Lytton had been a swordsman instead of a writer, he might have put it down a little differently. - From L. M. Boyd Column, appearing in Great Falls Tribune May 31, 1983.

June 9. I received a letter from my parents saying they don't remember my ever telling them not to ~~sent send~~ send me packages without asking me first if I wanted them. And how many times have I told them! It is incredible! For example, I told him a few years ago and, some months after that, my father sent me a pair of shoes without first asking me if I wanted them. I complained to him and again insisted that I not be sent packages without begin asked

NOVEMBER 30

first; I did this in spite of the fact that, in this case, the shoes were really useful; I used them until they were worn out and later on I made a pair of sandals from the soles (which, unfortunately, were not good). But I gave my parents the impression that I had burned the shoes, to discourage them from sending me more packages without permission. It is true that this happened several years ago but I have told them many times not to send me packages without permission. In the spring of 1982 they sent me one or two packages without permission and I reminded them then (politely) not to send me packages without asking me first. Of course, it was

DECEMBER 1

a mistake to tell them politely since experience has taught me that they forget it or dismiss it when I tell them politely. Of course, they forget it or dismiss it ~~anyway~~ nevertheless after some time, but not as soon if I tell them in an offensive manner. It is very probable that my father actually forgets; he has been complaining of losing his memory for about ten years. He has not complained more recently, that I know of. I do not think his memory has improved; maybe he has forgotten to complain! On the other hand, when my mother says, "I forgot," I do not think that she has really forgotten,

DECEMBER 2

but that she has given in to her impulses and let herself be dominated. Be that as it may, I cannot stand my parents anymore; not just because of these minor nuisances, but also because I remember very clearly the wrongs I suffered from them during my adolescence.

Here is something I wrote on April 20th in a loose sheet and forgot to transfer it to these pages. This morning I killed another ruff partridge. Several days ago I began to hear this partridge making its drumming noise not far from where I had heard the first partridge. I followed the sound and I was able to see the bird close up, but I could not shoot because of the

DECEMBER 3

small branches that were in the way. When I tried to move to a better position, I startled the bird and it disappeared. Then I removed the little branches that were in the way to make room to shoot and I placed some small dead trees so they would hide me when I again tried to kill this partridge. The next day I heard the bird flap its wings in the same place. I tried again to get close without being seen, but since ~~I was in somewhat of a hurry~~ I was in somewhat of a hurry that morning, I startled the bird before I saw it. But today, using the small trees that I had placed, I was able to get close to the partridge and, moving very slowly,

DECEMBER 4

I found a good opportunity to shoot. The shot was not a good one; the bullet only reached the left wing and broke it. I don't understand why--maybe a very small branch that I was not able to see was in the way. Anyway, I had to follow the bird through the thicket. If I had lost sight of it just once, I would have probably lost it forever. But I finally reached it and killed it. Tomorrow I will have a good soup.

June 18. Words of a character in "the Failure", by Jorge Ferretis, translated by Harry Kurz, in A World of Great Stories, Ed. by Hiram Haydn and John Cournos, Crown Publishers, New York, 1963, pp. 902-905: "But all they've done is

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to change their name! ... Formerly they were called Land ew owners, today they bear the title of Department Head, or Top Official, or Governor, or Minister ... They had [s/o] convinced me that we would get rid of our bosses by shooting them! What nonsense! There will always be men cut out to serve, and consequently others to order them around. It isn't the masters who make the servants, but exactly the opposite is true. The happiest nation will be the one which has the largest number of men taking orders only from themselves!" [Of course, the only societies that have ever existed in which men take orders only from themselves have been very primitive ones, mainly the nomadic hunting-and-gathering societies. The "anarchist" idea of combining absence of control with a technologically advanced

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society is nothing but a pipe-dream.]

See Samuel Ramos, El Perfil del hombre y la Culture en México **(Profile of Man and Culture in Mexico),** Tenth edition, Espasa-Calpe Mexicana, S.A. Mexico City, 1982, **pages 87-89 and pages 103-110. In particular, we find on pp. 104-105:** "By a kind of demonic force contained in the ~~men~~ objects created by man, once out of his hands they become independent of their creator, and, according to a logic of their own, they proceed to an ungovernable development, with results that no longer abide by the original intention. And thus what represented a simple means intended to serve man, like modern technology, upon proliferating exhorbitantly through an autonomous dynamism, becomes

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an end in itself. The objects of civilization accumulate in infinite numbers, without humans will being able to prevent it, to the point where their effect becomes counterproductive for man, who no longer needing these objects, remains nevertheless subject to them, like an animal caught in the mesh of its own making. It has already happened with mechanical civilization, which upon growing beyong measure, rather than ~~construct~~ constituting a benefit for man, has become a heavy burden..." b6 b7C

[ ] The original text continues here with its own translation of the above.]

In English: By a kind of demonic force contained in the objects created by man, once out of his hands they become independent of

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their creator, and, according to a logic of their own, they proceed in a development that cannot be governed, with results that no longer respond to the original intention. And thus [s/o] what represented a simple means ~~destined~~ intended to serve man, namely modern technology, upon proliferating exhorbitantly through an autonomous dynamism, has become an end in itself. The objects of civilization are accumulated in infinite numbers, without human will being able to prevent it, to the point where their effect is counter-productive for man, who, no longer needing these objects, remains nevertheless subject to them, like an animal caught in the meshes of its own net. What has now happened

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with mechanical civilization is that, growing disproportionately, instead of constituting a benefit for man it has become a heavy burden....

This book of Ramos first appeared in 1934, so that Ramos apparently anticipated Jacque Ellul by some 20 years in formulating what Ellul calls the principle of "technical autonomy". He also anticipated Ellul in noting that technical means tend to become ends in themselves. Of course, Ellul discussed these ideas in much more detail.

Ramos also writes on p. 109:

"We, men of color, must not waste the chance for 'treason against technology' by assimilating modern technology into the country, even though it may not be completely consistent

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with our spirit, unless
we want to be slaves to the
foreigners in the future."
[redacted] The original text continues
here with a translation of the above.]
**(It is necessary that
we, men of color, do not fail to
take advantage of the 'treason
agains technology', assimilating
modern civilization to our country
even though it does not fully
correspond to our spirit, if we do
not want to be in the future
slaves to the foreigners.) On the
same page:**

"Why can't we, from now on,
through intelligent efforts,
regulate the growth of technology in our
country, and thus avoid an excessive
mechanization of life?"
[redacted] The original text continues
here with a translation of the above.]
of the above quote by the author
**(Why can't we, from now on, regulate
the growth of technology in our**

b6
b7C

DECEMBER 11

country by means of an intelligent effort in such a way as to avoid an excessive mechanization of life?)

It is possible to give a very clear answer to this question. No society is ever created or guided in its development by means of an "intelligent effort". The reason is that any human society, but, above all, any highly organized society with a highly developed technology, is an extremely complex system in which a vast number of factors are related in an intricate way. For this reason, if we try to guide the development of a society by modifying a certain factor, it is impossible to predict what the ultimate result of that modification will be. We may think we can predict the consequences,

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but usually we will turn out to be wrong.

For instance, most intellectuals would agree that it would be desirable that the average man should take a strong interest in serious music, painting, sculpture, literature, etc. But suppose it were possible by some means to give most people a serious interest in art. This would have to be associated with a significant change in their attitude toward life, which would necessarily modify their habits of buying, selling, and working, the kinds of careers they choose and their way of pursuing those careers. This in turn would affect the economy in a way that we cannot predict, which in turn would affect foreign relations, the way in which people live, and the

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utilization of natural resources, which in turn would affect the social climate of the society, which in turn would affect... etc. So that the final outcome would be a big question mark.

The idea of guiding the development of a society through an "intelligent effort" could be taken seriously only if there were a rigorous scientific theory allowing us to predict mathematically the ways in which the various aspects of society will affect one another. In the absence of such a theory, our understanding of the ways in which societies develop must be purely empirical. This means that a new kind of society ~~can~~ can be built only through trial and error.

But it is not possible to use

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trial and error in such a case, because as soon as one serious error is made ~~the whole~~ everything is lost. Suppose for example that this generation decided to take certain measures so that our society would pursue goals that are balanced between limited technological progress and certain other objectives. If they made a mistake and the next generation turned out to be either too much inclined to technology or too much against technology in favor of the other objectives, then this mistake could never be rectified because by the time the mistake became apparent, the second generation would already be in control, and would not desire to "rectify" what was a mistake from the point of view of the first generation.

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Now let us suppose for the sake of argument that we knew what had to be done to create a balanced, partially technologized society. As we have just been at pains to demonstrate, there is no way that we can know this, but let us pretend for the moment that we do know it. Then how are we going to put our plan into effect? That is, how are we going to get the mass of men to do what it is necessary for them to do in order to g create the desired type of society? Anyone who believes that this can be accomplished by preaching to men or by appealing to their reason is hopelessly naive.

Most if not all men — and this includes most intellectuals and

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men of "culture" — do not govern their daily behavior according to a philosophy or a plan for social betterment that they may have read or heard. Their behavior is directed toward certain goals that are deeply rooted in their psychology and are unaffected by preaching or by philosophical theories. Men select those ideologies or philosophies that satisfy their psychological needs — the philosophy is chosen so as to conform to the individual's psychology rather than the other way around. Depending on the individual, the goals that govern behavior may or may not coincide with the goals that the ~~individual believes himself to be pursuing.~~ person consciously believes himself to be pursuing. Also, it should

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be understood that by "goals" we do not necessarily mean objectives that are systematic and organized. For example, in the present context we include as goals such ~~as th~~ things as the desire to obtain immediate pleasure or to avoid immediate discomfort.

Because technology offers an easy way out of difficulties it presents a continual temptation. And once we have begun to use a technological means we become dependent on it and thereafter cannot readily dispense with it. So, to achieve a balance between technology and "human values" would require a ~~permanent~~ permanent act of self-restraint. Experience shows that most men will not exercise this self-restraint but will take the easy way out.

From what we have said above, it is

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clear that this pattern of behavior cannot be changed by preaching or philosophizing. It could only be changed by appealing to men's passions. But the concept of a balanced society combining limited technology with "humanism" will arouse the passions of very few men. To put any limit at all on the tendency to technologize, men would have to be aroused against technology. They would have to be made to hate it and see it as the source of all their troubles. Obviously this could not lead to a balance between "humanism" and technology, but only to the destruction of the latter.

As to what Ramos says about certain primitive societies being immune to the temptations of technology, this is perfectly correct, but such societies cannot be partially technologized. To

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partially technologize such a society you first must break down the traditional behavior patterns that oppose a barrier to innovations. Once this has been done and the people have begun to take an interest in technological means, they will be subject to the same temptations as everyone else to continue technologizing without limit.

In any case, in almost every country of the world today, at least the controlling elite is already under the spell of technology, so that what we have to deal with are societies that are already set on the technological track.

June 24. Yesterday about noon I went along the trail that goes towards the east to get some logs for a fire. As I started on the trail, I saw a white-tailed female doe trotting across. ~~the~~

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~~It stopped for a moment as if wondering where to go~~ at two or three hundred feet from me. She stopped for a moment as though wondering where to go. She did not see or sense me. I stopped also and stayed as still as a statue, so I could see her. Then she trotted towards me on the trail. When she got near me, she began to walk more slowly and she diverted a little bit from the trail, but she continued to get near me until she stopped at ten or twelve feet from me. She looked at me as if she were curious and not scared. It was hot, and it surprised me that she panted like a dog, except that her mouth was almost closed and her tongue did not hang out. Then she began to walk again with the intention of passing me and continuing on her way. But when she got to where

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the wind carried my scent, she ran as if suddenly scared.

June 29. **From a circular put out by Cooperative Extension Service, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Montana State University, Bozeman. (I find no date on it, but it is recent): "Five new insects were released as weed control agents in Montana during the ~~last~~ past two years: A seed head fly and a root beetle on diffuse knapweed, a seed head moth on spotted knapweed, a defoliating moth on [s/o] Russian Thistle and a root beetle on leafy spurge."**

No doubt this method of killing weeds, as opposed to chemical methods, is what is considered "innocuous." Of course, the ~~conseq~~ final consequences of any manipulation of nature

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are extremely difficult to predict; but what most displeases me about this is that organized society dominates nature more all the time; and what is controlled by organized society cannot be considered nature. What attracts me about nature is especially the fact that it is not controlled by society nor by any other organized system.

July 1, "What has made so many men, since untold ages, stake their all on liberty is its intrinsic glamour, a fascination it has in itself, apart from all "practical" considerations. For only in countries where it reigns can a man speak, live, and breath freely, owing obedience to no authority save God and the laws of the land. The man who asks of freedom anything other

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than itself is born to be a slave.
"... [Love of freedom] is a privilege of noble minds which God has fitted to receive it, and it inspires them with a generous ~~fervour~~ fervor. But to meaner souls, untouched by the sacred flame it may well seem incomprehensible." — Alexis de Tocqueville, The old regime and the French Revolution, trans. Stuart Gilbert, Anchor Books, Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y., 1955, Part three, Chapter 4, pp. 168-169.

August 23. During the last few years I have become more sensitive than previously to such small creatures as insects, spiders, worms, etc. I dislike to squash a bug merely because it is in my way or merely because I find it crawling on me. Often when I see a moth or other ~~insect~~ insect

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fluttering against my window trying to get out I will open the window and let it through. This certainly is not a matter of morality or any notion of duty. It is just that I sympathize with their tiny struggles, which I suppose are as important to them as mine are to me. Of course I don't hesitate to squash an insect that is causing me real annoyance, as in the case of mosquitoes an biting lice, nor do I hesitate to throw grasshoppers into my soup as it boils. But those things are for a purpose — I am eliminating something that is pestering me or I am supplementing my diet. But I don't like to hurt these tiny creatures just for nothing.

Aug. 25. From Nomads of South

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Persia, by Fredrik Barth, Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1961. From [s/o] the Foreword: "... some features of nomadic life are so striking to any member of a sedentary society. The drama of herding and migration; the idleness of a pastoral existence, where the herds satisfy the basic needs of man, and most of one's labor is expended on travelling and maintaining a minimum of personal comfort, ... the freedom, or necessity, of movement through a vast, barren and beautiful landscape — all these things ~~assum~~ assume a growing aesthetic and moral importance as one participates in nomadic life..."

September 30. Shortly before nightfall, near my lower vegetable garden, I found

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a flock of ruff partridges, which I have seen several times in these surroundings. I went to [s/o] get my .22 rifle and I found an opportunity (although not a good one) to try to kill one of them. When I fired, I thought the bullet had hit it but the partridge flew off and disappeared. Although there is a layer of snow on the ground, I could not find any blood. Well, such errors tend to happen when I've gone without meat for a long time or because I am too eager for meat and I therefore risk a shot without a good opportunity, or because I need to have practiced recently, so I'm out of practice. (But as far as being ~~prac~~ out of practice,

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I don't think it is a matter of marksmanship, but a matter of something psychological, the ability to judge when to risk a shot, or something like that.) So, it's natural for me to miss since I haven't killed any game for a long time (although I have been buying some canned fish and some eggs in Lincoln). And besides, I have been keeping myself busy with a very unpleasant task (not directly related to life in the wilderness), which I won't describe here, and that task tires me, and it frustrates me up to a certain point, and it therefore makes me somewhat prone to making errors. However, I assume that after that task is finished, things will go better for me.

October 5. About two or tree days ago I harvested my potatoes. I got

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five buckets of potatoes, ~~fif~~ ~~five~~ five-gallon buckets each; or I mean a little less than five buckets. This is excluding the potatoes I saved to plant in the spring. So I think I'll be eating potatoes all winter; as long as they don't turn bad and sprout because my cellar is still not cold enough, since the temperature inside it is 41° or 42°. However, I ~~hav~~ had to take out my potatoes now because some of the ones close to the surface of the soil had already gone bad due to the freezes. I must note that some that had grown near the surface had turned green at the highest point, and of course the

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green areas will have to be cut off before the potatoes are cooked. But even if ten percent is subtracted for the green areas, I have a lot of potatoes and I am very satisfied. My beets (red, not sugar) did not yield very much this year. I finished eating them a long time ago.

November 26. [During] two recent mornings it had snowed and I spent around two hours looking for hares, but in one case the snow had fallen too early and in the other case too late so I was not successful. But yesterday morning the snow conditions were very good and I got a lot of meat--three hares and one ruff partridge. Which pleases me very much because I haven't had meat for a long time

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and I've had to substitute kidney beans, an insufficient amount of canned fish, and eggs or cheese once in a while.

But the day began badly. My first shot was a bad one. The bullet hit the head of the hare too much towards the front side, breaking its jaw without killing the animal. I had to follow it until I found another chance to shoot. So a cartridge was wasted. But I had good success the rest of the day. After getting two hares, while I was following the tracks of the third, I happened to see a ruff partridge that

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was sitting on the ground, very still. But by my mere looking at it for just a few seconds, it got nervous and then flew off. This coincides with what ruff partridges tend to do--I suppose they are pretty stupid, but just by looking at them, they seem to realize they have been discovered and fly off. Well, I took a long time to find the third hare. Later while on my way back home along the trail that goes along this ravine, a ruff partridge flew by and landed on a tree--as opposed to what this type of partridge tends to do. Generally

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the ruff partridges after flying, land on the ground and disappear in the thickets. But when they land on a tree, you can often find an opportunity to kill them. And this is what happened this time.

I have been eating little bread and no rice. For the most part, I eat my potatoes and parsnips. Also, since money is scarce, I have bought few cans of fruit for the coming winter. Only 25 cans of tomatoes and 10 cans of **cranberry** sauce. But I have bought some dried fruit and I have plenty of rhubarb and dried berries

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(rose berries, vaccinaceae, and two types of black currants), and a lot of dried herbs.

Nov. 28. The following passage is from a recent letter from my brother [redacted] b6 b7C

"... the [molimo] ritual [of the African Pygmies] demanded something like an attitude of 'pretend' that was aware of itself as such. I think of modern religions as tending to become confused in this area, so that the alternative to the empirical interpretation of reality, in drawing near to the empirical, is only usurped by it, so that the religious ideas are transformed as absurd

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empirical assertions, while losing their poetic life and suggestiveness.*

December 4. I haven't been able to find blades for my **bowsaw** in the stores for several years, except the ones with hardened tips (or teeth), so when they get dull, they cannot be sharpened. I used to buy the blades at the Coast to Coast Store, in Helena, where they only sell the "Skodko" blades now. I did not like these blades because, even though the tips were hardened, it did not seem to me that the blades stayed sharp longer than the

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ones with unhardened tips. And since the latter could be sharpened, they could be used longer than the former. And I also discovered that two of the "Skodko" blades would not cut straight no matter how much I tried to make them do so. Last spring, I wrote a letter to the Coast to Coast store courteously informing them of the shortcomings of the Skodko blades and suggesting they offer other type of blades. They responded very diligently, thanking me for my letter and telling me that they had forwarded my letter follow their buyer in Minneapolis. After a couple of weeks, I received another note from them, ~~including~~ and a letter they had received from their buyer, in which he said,

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"After several years of use, the bow of a bowsaw always gets a little bit bent. It is then impossible to cut straight with the saw. I advise your client to buy a new saw." I had a lot of doubts regarding this opinion because not all of the blades had refused to cut straight--only two. And I was right. This fall I bought two "Sandvik" blades. When I installed one of them in my saw, I was able to make a straight cut very easily, even while cutting a very thick beam. I mean, while the blade was kept sharp. Of course, no blade cuts straight <u>after it gets dull</u>.

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Many years ago I read that when young, Sigmund Freud had believed in numerology. The 28th of October of this year, in astrologer's Sydney Omarr's column, I read: **"Carl Jung, the late Leo author and psychoanalyst, said he felt it was necessary to obtain the horoscope of any patient he was seriously attempting to aid."**

I'm not surprised that two of the three most prominent psychoanalysts believed in outlandish or dumb systems. (Asssuming what I have read is correct. Sometimes what is read in newspapers is incorrect or misleading.) Even if psychoanalysis contains some accurate ideas, I think for the most part it's a somewhat mystical system

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lacking sufficient scientific evidence, and which attracts the same type of personality as astrology, numerology, "flying saucers," etc., etc. Who knows? Maybe the "flying saucers" are actually visitors from outer space: There is no way to prove with absolute certainty in all cases that they are not. But I think that generally fans of flying saucers, astrology, numerology, etc., look to these systems for the satisfaction of some psychological need of theirs; it seems they search for the mysterious; some perhaps long to elevate themselves over their fellow citizens by being members of a

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select group that sees hidden truths. And I suppose that fans of psychoanalysis have a similar motive. I am referring to traditional psychoanalysis. I have read that nowadays psychiatry is rapidly developing. Perhaps modern psychoanalysis has become more logical and scientific. I don't know.

December 21. The shortest day of the year, and also, at daybreak it was twenty-four degrees below zero (twenty-two according to my thermometer). This is the lowest temperature I have experienced here, aside from the 30 degree below zero temperature that happened two or three years ago. Yesterday at daybreak, the temperature was ten or twelve degrees below zero near my cabin. I went

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hunting for hares because the snow was almost perfect for it. But I had no success whatsoever: When I left the shelter of the ravine and crossed the flats I discovered it was windy. If it were not so cold, such a wind would not be considered strong, but a moderate wind is not easy for me to take when the thermometer is below zero, because the tip of my nose freezes too easily. I constantly have to take my hand out of my glove to make sure that no part of my face is freezing, especially the tip of my nose. Well, in the area where I began to hunt for hares, in a ravine somewhat lower than the hill summit, I think it was colder

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than near the cabin--maybe twenty degrees below zero,--I can only conjecture--plus wind. I quickly found the tracks of a hare, but it turned out to be skittish and tried to run under the tangles of fallen trees in there. I was not able to hunt it efficiently because (1) I quickly got tired due to the thick layer of soft snow, (2) my heavy jacket began to cause the pain I get in my neck, (3) I had to face down to keep my face away from the wind, and I had to warm my nose with my hand very frequently, which prevented me from looking at the tracks well and looking for the hare with my eyes. So I left it and I returned home. At home I had some lunch, I rested a while, and

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then I gathered some firewood, because my woodbox was almost empty. This morning I gathered more firewood and cut it so today was a day of a lot of work for me. But I had a good parsnip and potato meal from me cellar, and meat from a hare I killed before and everything is okay.

December 24. Yesterday at daybreak it was 31-1/2 degrees below zero. Since I ~~need~~ needed firewood, I went out to gather and cut it. The temperature went up quickly to 25 degrees below zero, but nevertheless I had to check my nose frequently or cover it with something (scarf, mask, or the "nose heater" I made of squirrel fur many

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years ago) to prevent it from freezing. I had no problems with my hands or feet, as long as I kept active. But while I was cutting firewood with the saw, since I did not move my feet too much, my toes tended to get too cold, so I had to warm them by walking vigorously, either in the cabin or outside. I spent all day, from dawn to dusk, gathering and cutting firewood, except for a brief period--perhaps 45 minutes--when I warmed up in front of the stove, I rested, and ate three cold parsnips and one tablespoon of sugar. I got a good amount of firewood--I need it a lot at this time! This morning ~~was~~ the temperature was 33 degrees below zero--the lowest temperature

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I have ever seen. I was outdoors for a while--an hour, more or less--to pile the firewood that I cut yesterday, get water, and complete other minor chores.

The temperatures mentioned here are corrected--they are two degrees less than what the thermometer said. Several years ago I put my thermometer in a mixture of water and ice and discovered that it said 34 degrees, so I ~~correcd~~ correct it by subtracting two degrees--even though the correction of the result is not ~~accurate~~ certain when the temperature differs a lot from 32 degrees.

I forgot to mention that for eight days (including today), the temperature has not gone up to zero, except one day when it reached

five degrees, more or less, (if I remember correctly).

December 25. Nature has given me a Christmas gift: The temperature has gone up above zero.

December 28. It has turned ~~make~~ cold again. Early in the morning it was 21 degrees below zero. The thermometer didn't reach zero even in the afternoon. I do not care too much (except that I have to spend more time chopping firewood), since one quickly gets used to the cold. This morning I gathered firewood that I am going to cut later, and I almost didn't feel or perceive the cold--but there was no wind, and I covered my nose to protect it.

December 30. I went hare hunting today, since the snow was good for it, since

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some new snow had fallen during the night. I only got two. Bad luck. Hares do not appear to be very plentiful this winter, and besides, the wind surged and covered the prints with snow as it fell on the exposed areas, and made big chunks of snow fall from the trees. On the other hand, I was lucky enough to see two weasels. This is a rare thing, since seeing just one weasel is rare. Sometimes I have not seen ~~one weasel durin~~ a weasel for a span of two or three years. Of course, they behaved as weasels usually behave, jumping from one side to the other with inexhaustible energy. I am somehow impressed by the whiteness of the animals

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which turn white during winter. It is as if they were snow creatures whose home was the snow and the cold ~~itself~~ itself. I should add that I may have seen one weasel twice, and not two different weasels. I saw the second one at 3/4 of a mile (more or less) from the place where I saw the ~~fir~~ first one, but the weasels are so active that it would not be surprising for them to cross a large territory in a short period of time.

January 12. Yesterday at daybreak there was a fresh thin layer of snow and I went hunting. I got two hares, and (something infrequent this time of year) a blue partridge. The tracks of the first hare were difficult to follow, but I was able to do it

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nevertheless. Later on, when I was climbing the first hill east of Baldy (from the south), I found the fresh tracks of a blue partridge. When I followed them for a short distance, I saw where they ended, so the bird must have flown off. When I checked the nearby trees, I saw the head of the partridge; hidden by the trunk of the pine where it was sitting, except that it was stretching its head to look at me. I walked around until I found a good angle to shoot from. I felt sorry for the poor ~~stupi~~ stupid bird but I need the meat. It was a big one. A male.

January 13, 1984: A Kind of Nordic Diana: "Then Skadi went up the mountain and lived in

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Thrymheim, and she goes about a great deal on skis and with her bow and arrow shoots wild animals. She is called Snow-shoe goddess, or Snow-shoe divinity." — Snorri Sturluson, The Prose Edda, Translated by Jean I. Young, University of California Press, Berkeley, Los Angeles, London, 1971, page 52.

January 16. There was some fresh snow this morning. I went up the mountain to hunt hares. It was even colder and windier up there than what I had assumed. The bad part was that I found few tracks. Hares appear to be very scarce this winter, and I don't find any porcupines either. But I was able to kill a hare, and on my way back home, I killed a squirrel.

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Notebook X

Series V, #1

K2046A

Inside of notebook cover with handwritten marks on it.] b6 b7C

Notebook X

Series V, #1

New York Times:
This is a message from FC, [redacted]

If the enclosed manuscript is published reasonably soon and receives wide public exposure, we will permanently desist from terrorism in accord with the agreement that we proposed in our last letter to you.

In that letter we stated that whoever agreed to publish the manuscript was to have exclusive rights to it for six months, after which the material was to become public property. We are willing to be flexible about the six month limit. The reason we offered exclusive rights (temporarily) was to provide an incentive for publication of the manuscript. Presumably, whoever published it would hope to profit by doing so. We assume that the six month limit should be ample if the material is published in a periodical, but if it is published in book form we ~~xxxxx~~ don't know how long the publisher would need exclusive rights in order to have a reasonable expectation of making a profit. So if the NY Times arranges for publication in book form, we leave the period of exclusive rights to your discretion. But it should be no longer than necessary and in any case must not exceed one year, unless you publish in the Times ~~xx~~ good and convincing reasons for making it longer than that. We don't want our material to remain locked up by a copyright, especially if it is published in the form of a book and the book doesn't sell.

- -

Contrary to what the FBI has suggested, our bombing at the California Forestry Association was in no way inspired by the Oklahoma City bombing. We strongly deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event. We have no regret about the fact that our bomb blew up the "wrong" man, Gilbert Murray, instead of [redacted] to whom it was addressed. Though Murray did not have [redacted] inflammatory style he was pursuing the same goals, and he was probably pursuing them more effectively because of the very fact that he was not inflammatory.

b6
b7C

We are an anarchist group calling ourselves FC. Notice that the postmark on this envelope precedes a newsworthy event that will happen about the time you receive this letter, if nothing goes wrong. This will prove that we knew about the event in advance, so our claim of responsibility is truthful. Ask the FBI about FC. They have heard of us. We will give information about our goals at some future time. Right now we only want to establish our identity and provide an identifying number that will ensure the authenticity of any future communications from us. Keep this number secret so that no one else can pretend to speak in our name.

553-25-4394